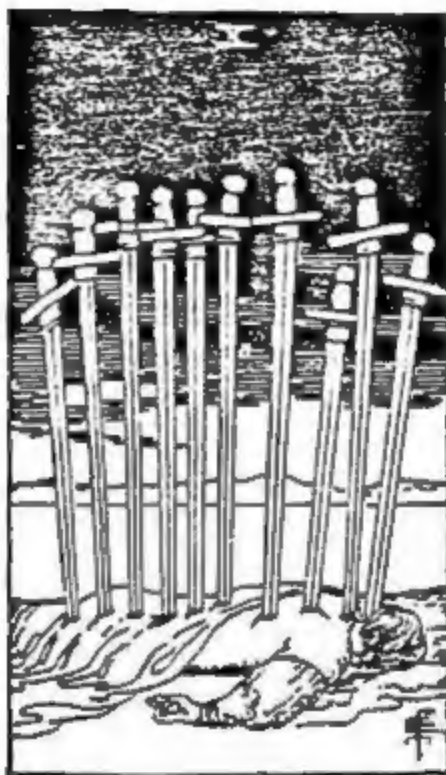


# LORD OF ILLUSIONS



a screenplay by  
CLIVE BARKER

3rd Draft - "A"  
February 1994  
©Clive Barker 1994

TITLE SEQUENCE

As the credits run, we INTERCUT the following two sequences:

1 EXT. NEVADA DESERT - IDOLS - DAY 1

A SLOW DRIFT through a collection of crudely constructed, surreal, six-foot tall "IDOLS." Like modern demons. Grotesque. Disturbing.

WE LAP DISSOLVE between details of their twisted anatomies: headlamp eyes, bright metal claws, broken glass teeth.

2 EXT. NEVADA ROADS - DESERT - DAY 2

Two vehicles, one a Volkswagen "bus" decorated with stylized flames, the other a '66 Thunderbird, speeding along a series of eerily empty desert roads, somewhere in a wilderness of sand and heat.

END CREDITS.

CUT WIDE TO:

3 EXT. NEVADA DESERT - DAY 3

A violent WIND HOWLS around, but through the sand we can just make out a large, ominous building: the HOUSE of William Nix. Its walls are white-washed and scrawled with GRAFFITI. The "family" of IDOLS surrounds the doorway, guarding it.

ON SCREEN, the words: "Nevada - Thirteen Years Ago"

4 EXT. NIX'S HOUSE - DAY 4

We're at the front door now, which stands open. Leaning against the door-frame is a scrawny, wild-eyed YOUTH, about sixteen. His name is BUTTERFIELD. He's got a brooding, almost sultry look on his face. One of his eyes is black, the other milky blue. He's whittling something with a scalpel.

Distantly, the sound of CAR ENGINES. Butterfield narrows his eyes.

BUTTERFIELD'S P.O.V.

The Volkswagen "bus" and Thunderbird are approaching the house.

BUTTERFIELD  
(softly)  
Swann...?

He turns from the door. In his haste he drops the WOOD he's whittling. He's been carving a DEATH'S HEAD.

5 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - ROOMS AND CORRIDORS - DAY

The house no longer serves any domestic function. It has become the temple and dormitory of Nix's small apocalyptic cult. As we go through the house with Butterfield we glimpse a little of what life here is like.

The rooms are murky, and chaotic. The walls, PAINTED with scenes of cities and landscapes BURNING, and creatures from some unspeakable nightmare ATTACKING, RAPING, and DEVOURING helpless humanity. The atmosphere is joyless, and oppressive.

The passages become progressively darker as the boy makes his way to the heart of the house. Only OIL LAMPS, set on the floor, light these claustrophobic corridors.

BUTTERFIELD  
Master?

6 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - MEDITATION ROOM - DAY

A dozen CULTISTS sit cross-legged on the floor in front of their leader, WILLIAM NIX. His black hair grows to his shoulders. His eyes are deep and glittering, his voice seductive. A terrifying yet charismatic presence.

All the Cultists - who are a cross-section of obsessives - wear the same simple T-shirts, painted with the cult's SIGIL. They watch Nix in adoration.

As Nix speaks, he juggles a FLAME, passing it from hand to hand with casual ease...

NIX  
And the fire said to me: Nix,  
Nix, you're my instrument.  
From now on, you'll be called  
the Puritan...

CULTISTS  
(murmuring)

NIX

You will find a few good men  
and women, and together,  
together you will cleanse the  
world.

CULTISTS

Yes...

Butterfield enters.

BUTTERFIELD

Master?

Nix looks up.

BUTTERFIELD

Swann's here.

Nix rises, smiling.

NIX

(to Cultists)

We'll come back to this.  
Get about your business.

As the Cultists disperse, Nix and Butterfield exit into

7 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - DAY 7

A place of nightmares.

Hanging from the middle of the ceiling is another  
grotesque SCULPTURE, three times the bulk of a large  
man, and made of metal, fly-blown animal parts and  
knotted rope. It is vaguely cruciform, but its swaying,  
creaking bulk is not even faintly Christian. It is a  
perverse, sickening image, evoking insanity and agony.

From the shadows in the corner, we hear a young girl's  
soft SOBBING.

NIX

Hush...

Nix goes to the GIRL. She is twelve; beautiful, blonde,  
and presently in a state of mortal fear. She sits,  
bound, in a fetal position, her face soaked with SWEAT  
and TEARS, her mouth BLOODIED, her cheek BRUISED.

NIX

I said hush.

GIRL

Please. Let me go.

4

From the opposite corner the SCREECH of Nix's pet BABOON. Nix goes to it. The animal is large and lethal.

NIX  
(to Baboon)  
What is it?

The Baboon pulls on its chain, staring at the Girl and baring its teeth as it screeches.

NIX  
(to Girl)  
I think he's in love.

He unshackles the Baboon. The animal pads toward the Girl, trailing its chain.

GIRL  
Keep it away from me.

Nix catches hold of its chain. Holds it back. The Baboon starts screeching again, scrabbling at the Girl, its NAILS catching her arms and legs, drawing BLOOD.

GIRL  
Please... please...

Nix watches her terror dispassionately.

BUTTERFIELD  
(also watching, wide-eyed)  
Want me to shoot Swann?

NIX  
You don't like him, do you?

BUTTERFIELD  
He wants your magic.

NIX  
Maybe. Go fetch him.

Butterfield exits. Nix advances on the Girl.

GIRL  
What are you going to do?

CUT TO:

8 EXT. NIX'S HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

The two vehicles come to a halt outside Nix's house.

8

From the Thunderbird steps PHILIP SWANN, a nineteen-year-old with shoulder-length hair and brilliant blue eyes. He's not conventionally handsome, but he's certainly striking.

From the passenger seat steps CASPAR QUAID, a black man, studious and intense. From the bus emerges MURRAY PIMM, skinny and jittery, and JENNIFER DESIDERIO, a woman with a steely gaze.

SWANN  
(to all three)  
Are we ready?

JENNIFER  
(cool)  
Say the word.

PIMM  
(very nervous)  
Look, maybe we should think  
this over.

On Swann, as he brings from his car three very bizarre pieces of METALWORK. We get only a tantalizing glimpse of them, as he slips them into his pocket.

SWANN  
No. He's gone too far.

PIMM  
So he took a child.

JENNIFER  
He'll kill her.

PIMM  
. No he won't.

SWANN  
(determined)  
He's not going to get the  
chance.

Quaid checks a gun, then slips it into his belt.

QUAID  
If he gets in our fucking heads  
he'll drive us crazy.

SWANN  
So stay out here.

Swann starts towards the House. Jennifer is the first

to follow, with the other two on her heels.

9 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 9

Butterfield comes to the door, as Swann steps inside.

BUTTERFIELD

He's expecting you.

Behind Swann, Quaid and Pimm exchange nervous looks.

SWANN

(to others)

Look around. If you find the child, yell. She's got blonde hair, that's all I know.

Butterfield turns away, smiling to himself. Swann follows him.

10 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - "MEDITATION" ROOM - DAY 10

Quaid looks into a large circular room where FIVE CULTISTS (three men and two women) still sit. One of the women is breast-feeding a baby.

1ST MAN

Hey, Quaid. I thought you said you weren't coming back.

QUAID

I changed my mind.

1ST WOMAN

Come and join us.

She smiles a crazy smile. Reaches out for Quaid. A SNAKE appears from around the back of her neck. Quaid recoils.

And now we see that there are snakes everywhere. In the Cultists' clothes and hair. Even on the baby. Quaid turns away. And - shock! - there's a SNAKE on the door frame, winding around his hand. He strikes it to the ground, and drives his heel down on its head.

SNAKE-HANDLER CULTIST

(angry)

Don't do that!

The Snake-Handler gets up. Quaid retreats from the door. Snake-Handler picks up the dead snake and, lifting it above his head, dribbles its BLOOD onto his face.

11 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - "BEDROOM" - DAY

11

Jennifer enters a gloomy room. She goes to a mattress where a BLONDE GIRL lies with her bare back to us.

JENNIFER

Don't be afraid.

The Blonde Girl, BARBARA, turns over. She has a dirty cloth pressed to a wound between her breasts. It is not the Girl, of course. She stares up at Jennifer, clearly drugged.

BARBARA

I'm not... want to see?

She pulls the cloth away. She has carved the cult SIGIL into her FLESH. The BLOODY KNIFE lies beside her. Jennifer retreats to the door, and exits back out into -

12 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

12

Pimm is standing against the wall, clutching a CRUCIFIX. He is ashen with terror. Jennifer snatches the crucifix from his white-knuckled fingers.

PIMM

He's going to kill us all...

JENNIFER

Where did Swann go?

Pimm points down the passageway towards Nix's room.

13 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE NIX'S SANCTUM - DAY

13

Swann wipes sweat from his upper lip, then reaches down to his belt, to check the GUN tucked out of sight at his side. He turns the door handle.

14 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - DAY

14

Swann steps inside. Nix's chair has its back to him. The folds of Nix's robe are visible, however. Swann hears a muffled SOBBING from the far side of the room.

On the Girl, now gagged and lying amongst bones and filth.

Swann starts towards her, his footsteps barely audible. As he approaches the chair - the Baboon leaps at him, screeching!



He reaches for his gun. The chair topples. The Baboon, half-dressed in Nix's robes, bounds towards Swann.

Swann FIRES at it. The bullet blasts off half its head.

15 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

15

On Quaid, who draws his GUN as three CULTISTS appear in the passageway that leads to Nix's Sanctum.

QUAID  
Stay the fuck away!  
(yells)  
Pimm! Get over here!

16 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - DAY

16

PAN UP from the twitching Baboon corpse to Swann as he struggles with the Girl's gag. He has laid his gun on the ground beside her.

SWANN  
You're going to be okay.

Out of focus, behind him, the cruciform sculpture swings round. Nix is hanging on it, like an idol on a grotesque altarpiece.

The Girl sees Nix over Swann's shoulder. Terror crosses her face. Swann turns.

NIX  
I knew you'd come.

He reaches down to Swann.

NIX  
I've got so much power to give you, Swann. All you have to do is... beg.

SWANN  
Fuck you.

NIX  
You don't think I've got it to give?

SWANN  
No!

Suddenly, Nix swoops down on Swann, apparently defying gravity.

NIX

You're wrong.

He catches hold of Swann with one hand and drives him back against the wall.

NIX

I could eat your fucking soul,  
Swann.

17 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

17

Jennifer reaches the door of the Sanctum. Butterfield steps from the shadows. His KNIFE flashes as it strikes Jennifer's hand. BLOOD SPURTS.

JENNIFER

Fuck!

She retreats, staunching her bleeding hand.

18 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - DAY

18

Nix has Swann trapped against the wall and is working his fingers against Swann's temples. Working, working, like a psychic surgeon plying against the belly of a patient.

NIX

You want to know what the world  
really looks like?

Swann struggles, but he can't get free of Nix's hold.

And now -- horribly -- Nix's fingers slide beneath the skin of Swann's temples, without a drop of blood being spilt!

NIX

Want to see flesh with a god's  
eyes?

Swann SCREAMS as Nix's mind-hold seizes him.

19 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

19

Quaid levels his gun at Butterfield, who is guarding the Sanctum door. Jennifer is at Quaid's side.

SWANN (V.O.)

Aah!

QUAID

Get away from the door!

Butterfield shakes his head. Quaid FIRES. The bullet strikes the wall beside Butterfield's head. He retreats, growling like a rabid animal. Quaid kicks the Sanctum door open, and enters.

20 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - DAY

20

QUAID

Swann?

NIX

(to Quaid)

Here he is.

Swann stumbles into the middle of the room, the whites of his eyes blood-red.

NIX

Take a look, Swann! These are your friends.

On Swann, reeling like a drunkard as he looks up at Quaid and Jennifer.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

What have you done to him?

SWANN'S P.O.V.

of Quaid and Jennifer. To Swann's eyes, their faces seem to be MORPHING. Their humanity is MELTING AWAY. What's left is like a jellyfish with black, soulless eyes: PRIMEVAL MUCK.

QUAID (V.O.)

Swann. It's okay.

Quaid reaches for Swann, who retreats in horror, shaking his head violently.

SWANN

Don't touch me. He's got... got into my head.

NIX

You want to be like that, Swann? Mud and shit?

Swann turns away from Quaid and Jennifer in disgust.

SWANN'S P.O.V.

of Nix, his arms outstretched in welcome. His face has an aura of pulsing light.

NIX  
Come here. Share the power.

ON a GUN, levelled. We don't see by whom. The trigger is pulled.

The bullet strikes Nix's back and explodes out of his chest.

ON SWANN, staring at Nix.

SWANN'S P.O.V. of Nix, as the aura of light dies.

Just for a moment - a terrible moment - Swann glimpses something else. MORPHING out of Nix's features. A NIGHTMARE FACE, with waves of DARKNESS emanating from the middle of its forehead.

Swann covers his eyes.

NIX  
(raging, terrifying)  
Swann! Swann!

Nix staggers, letting out an ungodly HOWL, and drops to his knees, clutching the WOUND. As he falls, he reveals the ashen Girl, who is still holding Swann's smoking GUN.

NIX  
(a roar)  
Help me!

Swann shakes his head, ridding himself of Nix's mind-control.

SWANN  
Jesus--

21 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE SANCTUM - DAY  
Pimm stands guard, his gun pointed on several cultists.

1ST CULTIST  
(with distressing confidence)  
You can't kill him.

2ND CULTIST  
He'll just rise up again--

22 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - DAY

On Nix, doing just that: rising up. Right hand clamped to his bloody chest, left hand reaching for Swann.

NIX

Help me--

Quaid FIRES at him again. Strikes his shoulder. And again. Strikes his leg. Nix collapses to the ground.

JENNIFER

Quickly!

They have come prepared for this. Swann now takes from his jacket the three strange pieces of METALWORK. There are SCREWS in them all.

NIX

(seeing)

Swann? What are you doing?

SWANN

Binding you.

He clamps one of the pieces over Nix's EYES. It fits like an eyeless mask. Nix thrashes and SCREAMS. Swann lays his hands on the side of the mask, and -- LIKE MAGIC -- his touch makes the screws tighten of their own accord, grinding into Nix's flesh and bone with a gut-wrenching SOUND. BLOOD runs from the screw-holes.

NIX

Fuck you, Swann! Fuck you!

Now the second piece, over his MOUTH.

NIX

Sw--

He's silenced. The piece screws itself into his head, like the first. And now comes the third and final piece: over the nose and into the ears. Again, it screws itself into place.

Swann has done all he can. He retreats from Nix's body, as it continues to convulse. We go from face to ashen face, as each man and woman watches and waits. Why won't he die?

And now, at last, the violence of Nix's death-throes diminishes. Nix's body bends like a bow, arching off the ground, and with one last, terrible spasm, he dies.

GIRL

(quietly)

Is it finished?

SWANN  
It's finished.

23 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - DAY 23

The Cultists' faces slacken, as though some mental hold Nix had upon them has disappeared. Then they start to retreat, their confidence and courage gone.

Pimm steps into the Sanctum.

24 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - DAY 24

The five assassins, including the Girl, stand around Nix's body. Swann has his arm around the Girl.

PIMM  
Dead?

QUAID  
Dead.

PIMM  
What now?

SWANN  
We bury him so deep no one will  
ever find him.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. NIX'S HOUSE - WIDE SHOT - DUSK 25

The wind has died away. It's eerily calm. Butterfield dashes towards camera, then halts.

HE LOOKS BACK, as Nix's killers load his huge, limp CORPSE into the back of Murray Pimm's bus.

ON Butterfield. He watches, with a feral look on his face.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

26 EXT. LOS ANGELES - MONTAGE - DAY 26

The city looks magical in the spring light, its palms and gleaming towers, its rivers of sun-baked traffic, evoking some fantastical metropolis. This, for all its smog and congestion, is a city of exoticism and enchantments.

ON SCREEN, the words: "LOS ANGELES - THIRTEEN YEARS LATER"

27 EXT. STARDUST HOTEL - DAY

27

The facade of this small HOTEL off Hollywood Boulevard needs a lick of paint, and the neon sign is blinking fitfully, but it has a certain charm.

28 INT. STARDUST HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

28

A large deteriorating mural of Hollywoodland, depicting a host of 50's movie stars, dominates the lobby. At the front desk - with his back to us at present - stands HARRY D'AMOUR. He is having difficulty getting the pretty but vacant BLONDE at the reception desk to comprehend his name.

BLONDE GIRL

How'd you spell that again?

HARRY

D.A.M.O.U.R. D'Amour. Harry  
D'Amour.

BLONDE GIRL

D'Amour.

HARRY

Right.

BLONDE GIRL

Isn't that French for  
something?

ON THE BELLBOY, approaching Harry from the front door.

BELLBOY

Mister D'Amour?

HARRY

(to Blonde).  
Yeah. It's French.

BLONDE GIRL

For love, right?

BELLBOY

Mister D'Amour?

HARRY

(to Blonde)  
Right.

BLONDE GIRL  
(grinning)  
That's so cool.

BELLBOY  
Mister D'Amour?

Harry turns. He's wearing a washed-out Grateful Dead t-shirt, an Italian cut linen suit, and glasses. He's handsome, unshaven, 35-ish, with an open easy smile.

HARRY  
Yeah?

BELLBOY  
You haven't paid the cab. He won't give us your bags 'til you pay him.

HARRY  
How much?

BELLBOY  
Thirty-five bucks.

HARRY  
Tell him he can keep them.

The Bellboy looks puzzled.

Just kidding.

Harry gets out his wallet and hands over four ten-dollar bills.

HARRY  
I've got my life in there.

29 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

29

On the suit-case, which is now on the bed. Harry flings it open. Inside, mingled with the clothes, a bizarre collection of items, which he tosses out onto the coverlet. A GUN. A CRUCIFIX. A STATUE of Shiva, the Hindu Lord of creation and destruction.

ON HARRY, as he heads into the bathroom. Turns on the shower. Starts to undress.

30 EXT. STARDUST HOTEL - DUSK

30

Harry, his hair still wet from his shower, steps out into the sun. Squints. Puts on sunglasses.



HARRY

Hello, L.A.

BELLBOY

Have a nice evening, Mr.  
D'Amour.

HARRY

You bet.

31 EXT. MELROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

31

Harry stands, in a shabby doorway across the street from a classy restaurant. It's RAINING.

ON TAPERT, a middle-aged, balding man with a very pretty WOMAN opposite him, sitting at a table close to the window. Tapert makes a joke (unheard). The woman laughs.

ON HARRY, chewing on a hamburger, as he speaks into his tape-recorder.

HARRY

Nine-eighteen p.m. Tapert's either got a great sense of humour or he's paying her to laugh.

(looks at hamburger  
in disgust)

Jesus.

On Tapert, as he rises from the table.

HARRY

(into tape recorder)

He's finished.

Tapert exits the restaurant, and crosses the street. Harry tosses his half-eaten hamburger away, and goes to his car.

32 EXT. HARRY'S CAR - MELROSE - NIGHT

32

Harry pulls the parking ticket off the windshield, screws it up and gets in.

33 INT. HARRY'S CAR - MELROSE - NIGHT

33

HARRY

(into tape)

Nine twenty-six p.m. He's off again.

He turns the key in the ignition.

## 34 EXT. QUAID'S OFFICES - SILVERLAKE - NIGHT

34

In neon blue and purple, a sign blazes in a store window. It reads: TAROT CARD AND CRYSTAL READINGS - \$15 SPECIAL

ON TAPERT, as he hurries across the street, and through the door beside the store window.

WE PAN OFF the door as Harry's car comes to a halt on the far side of the street.

Harry gets out of the car. Stares at the sign in the window, puzzled.

HARRY

Superstitious?

He starts across the street. Suddenly:

TAPERT (V.O.)

Oh my God!

Tapert emerges, his face white with terror. He stumbles to his car, and he's away. Harry freezes, caught between the need to follow Tapert and sheer curiosity. He gives in to the latter, and steps inside.

## 35 INT. QUAID'S OFFICES - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

35

An illuminated ARROW points up the stairs. Harry ascends, past faded PHOTOGRAPHS of Caspar Quaid with famous faces.

At the landing, the passageway turns ninety degrees. Harry halts, and takes out his GUN.

There's a strange RUMBLING SOUND approaching from round the corner. Harry chances a look. There's a short length of passageway, leading to an open door. From the threshold a CRYSTAL BALL rolls towards Harry, BLOOD-SMEARED. This is the source of the rumbling. Harry stops the ball before it falls down the stairs.

Dead silence. After a beat, Harry creeps towards the open door. He pushes it open. Inside, chaos. The fake antique FURNITURE is splintered, the ASTRAL CHARTS slashed.

## 36 INT. QUAID'S OFFICES - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

36

There are two offices. In the front, a Waiting Room,

into which Harry now steps. Beyond it, through a door that stands narrowly ajar, the Fortune Telling Room.

From out of the Fortune Telling Room, a MOAN.

QUAID.(V.O.)

Ahh...

Harry crosses the Waiting Room, reaching into his jacket for his gun. Suddenly, a nightmarish FIGURE leaps from the shadows!

His name is RAY MILLER. He's as crazy as a rabid dog, teeth sharpened, eyes wild. Nix's SIGIL is tattooed on the middle of his forehead. He STRIKES the GUN from Harry's hand and goes for his throat.

Harry reaches out behind him, picks up a phrenologist's BUST and SMASHES it on Miller's skull.

Miller reels back. Harry makes a dash for the door to the Fortune Telling Room.

MILLER

Fuckhead.

37 INT, QUAID'S OFFICES - FORTUNE-TELLING ROOM - NIGHT

37

A mysterious, candle-lit space. In the middle of the room, a table. At it sits Quaid, thirteen years older. He has been tortured close to death. Several small SCALPELS protrude from his chest and neck. His life is ebbing away. On the table in front of him, a fan of TAROT CARDS, BLOOD-SPATTERED.

Harry races in through the open door from the Waiting Room.

HARRY

What the fuck--?

Harry picks up the PHONE. It's dead. Miller charges at the door.

HARRY

Shit!

Harry SLAMS the door in Miller's face, and locks it.

As he does so, the candles FLICKER. Harry looks up. A FIGURE looms from the darkness behind Quaid. He's in his late twenties: an androgynous, disturbing sight. His long hair is drawn back into a pony-tail. His mismatched eyes - one black, one milky blue, tell us that he is Butterfield. His hands are BLOODY, and he

carries one last SCALPEL.

HARRY  
(to Butterfield)  
Don't touch him.

Butterfield strokes the wounds on Quaid's cheek. Quaid sobs in pain.

BUTTERFIELD  
What are you going to do about it?  
Miller's hand tears at the wood around the lock from the other side. His fingers appear, scrabbling to tear the lock out. Harry doesn't move, or Miller will be through.

BUTTERFIELD  
(to Harry)  
Ever watched a man die? If you watch very closely, you can sometimes see the soul escaping. And if you're very quick, you can catch it.

QUAID  
Please... Butterfield... I wasn't there. Ask Pimm.

BUTTERFIELD  
Pimm's dead. Jennifer Desiderio's disappeared. They knew the Puritan was coming home.

As this exchange goes on, Miller pulls the lock out of the door and starts to THROW HIMSELF against it from the other side. It's all Harry can do to keep himself from being pitched across the room. He looks around for some means of defense. There's a crack in the drapes to the left of the table. Behind it, a WINDOW.

BUTTERFIELD  
(con't.)  
So do you. You've seen the future. Haven't you?

QUAID  
Yes.

BUTTERFIELD  
And are you afraid?

QUAID  
Yes.

Suddenly, Harry steps aside. The door's flung open. Miller CHARGES in. Harry catches hold of his arm, and THROWS him against the drape. The window CRACKS; the drape comes down around Miller. Amber STREETLIGHT floods in.

Butterfield is momentarily distracted. Harry STRIKES the scalpel from his hands.

Miller, meanwhile, is struggling to free himself from the folds of the drapes. Harry lands a solid KICK to the man's belly. Miller is THROWN back against the cracked window, which SHATTERS. Still wrapped in the drape, he FALLS OUT:

Harry turns back to arrest Butterfield, but he's already making his escape. Harry starts after him.

QUAID  
(to Harry)  
Don't leave me.

He turns back. TEARS are pouring down the man's face. Harry goes back to comfort Quaid, as Butterfield escapes down the stairs.

HARRY  
You need an ambulance.

QUAID  
(in pain)  
Too late. Why are you here?  
Did you come... up here for a  
reading?

Quaid takes hold of Harry's hand.

HARRY  
No... I...

Quaid stares at Harry's HAND. Fascinated, he momentarily forgets his pain. He traces the lines with bloody fingers.

QUAID  
(quietly)  
My God.

HARRY  
What?

QUAID  
You've taken some strange  
journeys in your life.

HARRY

Yeah. You could say that.

QUAID

You're drawn to the dark side,  
over and over. And it's drawn  
to you.

(looks at Harry)

You don't like that.

HARRY

Not much.

QUAID

You can't change it. You have  
to walk...

(coughs)

... walk the line between  
Heaven and Hell. It's your  
destiny. Accept it.

Harry takes his hand from Quaid's grip. Quaid winces in  
pain.

HARRY

Hold on.

QUAID

I'm not afraid to die. There's  
something terrible... coming  
home...

HARRY

The Puritan?

QUAID

Yes...

HARRY

Who is he?

Quaid shudders, and dies.

HARRY

(softly; sadly)

Shit.

He looks away, down at the CARDS. All have been turned  
over but ONE. He turns it. The card is the Ten of  
Swords, which pictures a prostrate man against a  
thunderous sky, pierced by all ten swords. An image of  
death and desolation.

38 EXT. QUAID'S OFFICES - ALLEY BEHIND BUILDING - NIGHT

38

The flashing LIGHTS of two patrol cars illuminate the scene. DETECTIVE EDDISON, a surfer-turned-policeman with buzz-cut blond hair, heads along the alley with Harry. He's midway through taking Harry's statement. There are already two OFFICERS' examining the drapes. We can't yet see the body.

EDDISON

(to Harry)

What were you doing up there?

HARRY

I'm a private detective. I was hired to follow somebody for a few days. A guy called Tapert. Insurance fraud.

EDDISON

(writing)

Tapert. So, now I've got Tapert, Butterfield--

HARRY

Tapert's got nothing to do with this. He came here to get his palm read.

EDDISON

What makes you so sure?

HARRY

(shrugs)

I got a file on him two inches thick. He's a petty fraudster. This is something else. Ever heard of someone called the Puritan?

EDDISON

New one on me.

(to Officer)

Okay. Let's see him.

OFFICER #1 shakes his head, and opens up the drape. Broken GLASS drops from the folds, but that's all. Miller has gone.

EDDISON

Where the fuck is he?

HARRY

He got up and walked.

EDDISON  
 (looking up at  
 window)  
 After that fall? He must have  
 broken half his bones.

WE MOVE IN ON HARRY, as he stares down at the drape.

HARRY  
 I don't think he'd have given a  
 shit.

CUT TO:

39 INT. BUTTERFIELD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

39

The rooms are spartan. Nothing on the walls. Nothing  
 on the floors. Very little furniture.

Butterfield sits beside the window, obsessively combing  
 his long hair. There is something feminine about him  
 now: his voice a whisper, his stare distracted. If we  
 didn't guess it already, we're in the presence of a  
 madman.

Miller is squatting against the wall, picking shards of  
 GLASS out of his torso. It hurts, but he's enjoying  
 himself.

BUTTERFIELD  
 D'Amour... D'Amour... Why do I  
 know that name?

MILLER  
 I know him. I saw him--

He stops to pull out a particularly large piece of  
 glass, sighing with pleasure.

MILLER  
 I saw him on T.V. Some kid got  
 possessed and he saved the  
 little bastard's life.

BUTTERFIELD  
 He's a priest?

MILLER  
 No. He's just a guy who's got  
 a nose for this shit.  
 (a beat. A smirk)  
 Like you.

A long beat of silence. Butterfield combs. Miller digs  
 for glass.



BUTTERFIELD  
I don't want him getting in the  
way.

MILLER  
He won't.

Another silence.

BUTTERFIELD  
(dreamily)  
We've all of us waited too long  
to have the homecoming spoiled.

MILLER  
What do you mean, "all of us?"

BUTTERFIELD  
You didn't think it was just  
going to be you and me? A lot  
of people believed in Nix.  
They haven't forgotten his  
promise.

MILLER  
About?

BUTTERFIELD  
Death.

MILLER  
What about death?

BUTTERFIELD  
(a beat)  
It's an illusion.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - MORNING 40

On screen: Philadelphia

A suburban street. Early morning light.

41 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - PHILADELPHIA - MORNING 41

CLOSE-UP of a PHOTOGRAPH of the Cultist with the Painted Face, from the opening scene, standing outside Nix's house in Nevada. His name is Norman Sanders.

ON NORMAN, thirteen years older, looking down at the photograph. He lays it down, beside a letter, on which two words are written: "Homecoming Time."

Norman smiles to himself. Goes to the wardrobe. Gets out a small suitcase. His WIFE'S BODY is slumped in the wardrobe, glassy-eyed.

CLOSE UP of letter--

CUT TO:

42 INT. KITCHEN IN MIAMI HOUSE - DAY

42

--and DRAW OUT from the letter to a different interior, a different domestic circumstance.

On the screen: Miami.

BARBARA - the blonde girl who carved the cult's sigil into her chest - is washing her hands. She casually dries them, and picks up the letter, walking past her HUSBAND and SON, both DEAD at the breakfast table, BLOOD spreading around their heads. When she gets to the door she steps over the body of her DAUGHTER, who has also been shot trying to escape her mother's murder spree.

ON THE RADIO, George Harrison sings "My Sweet Lord."

~~~~~

"I really want to see you, Lord,  
And it won't take long, my Lord,  
My sweet Lord..."

CUT TO:

43 EXT. SAN ANTONIO ZOO - REPTILE HOUSE - DAY

43

On screen: San Antonio.

A ZOO-KEEPER wanders into the darkened interior of the Reptile House.

44 INT. REPTILE HOUSE - DAY

44

The Zoo-keeper's benign expression changes at the sight of the chaos inside. The glass cases have been SMASHED. Another KEEPER lies on the ground, his face pulped. A few SNAKES slither around his body, but most of them have gone.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. SNAKE-HANDLER CULTIST'S CAR - DAY

45

The Snake-Handler Cultist drives at speed.

46 INT. SNAKE-HANDLER CULTIST'S CAR - DAY

46

PAN UP from another letter - with the same message - on the dashboard, to the crazed face of the Snake-Handler. PAN TO the back of the car. IT SEETHES WITH HUNDREDS OF SNAKES.

47 EXT. SWANN'S MANSION - DAY

47

It's early morning in Bel-Air. The sun shines down on a millionaire's paradise: a huge house surrounded by a jungle of trees and blossoms.

48 EXT. SWANN'S MANSION - POOLSIDE - DAY

48

The blue water glitters in the noon-day sun. And a WOMAN -- her body perfectly proportioned -- glides under the surface, emerging at the shallow end, where the housekeeper CLEMENZIA is setting a tray on a table.

CLEMENZIA

Coffee, Mrs. Swann?

Mrs. Swann's name is DOROTHEA. She is a beautiful and sensual woman.

DOROTHEA

Thank you.

She dries off.

DOROTHEA

Where's Mr. Swann?

CLEMENZIA

In his study.

(a beat)

He got something on his mind?

DOROTHEA

Why?

CLEMENZIA

Bad mood today.

49 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - STUDY - DAY

49

Venetian blinds shut out most of the sunlight, but a lamp burns on the desk (huge), showing us the furniture (leather), the books (innumerable), and the figure of SWANN, sitting behind the desk smoking a CIGAR. He's lost some hair and some colour over the years, but he still has the same hypnotic eyes.

He studies the L.A. TIMES in front of him.

ON THE OPEN PAGE

"Fortune Teller Brutally Murdered," the headline announces. Underneath, a PHOTOGRAPH of Quaid's wrecked room. WE CLOSE IN on the photograph, and catch a glimpse of Harry, standing looking at the chaos. CAMERA MOVES DOWN to the text beneath, and on to the name "Harry D'Amour."

ON SWANN, pensive as he studies the paper.

DOROTHEA (V.O.)

(softly)

Hey...

He looks up, startled.

DOROTHEA

The sun's shining out there.

Dorothea is dressed in a white robe now. She literally brings light into this gloomy room. On the shelves behind Swann are a number of art brut figurines, vaguely recalling the idols outside Nix's "temple."

DOROTHEA

(con't.)

Bad show last night?

SWANN

(wearily)

The usual. Full house.  
Standing ovation. I tell them  
it's magic...

DOROTHEA

(distastefully)

... they believe you.

SWANN

Yeah.

(a beat)

Remember Quaid?

DOROTHEA

Sure.

SWANN

Somebody killed him.

DOROTHEA

Oh God.

SWANN  
(disturbed)  
I just saw him.

A difficult silence. Then Swann crosses to the door.

SWANN  
I'm putting in a new illusion  
tonight. Will you be there?

DOROTHEA  
Sure. You want me to find out  
about Quaid? I mean, the  
funeral?

SWANN  
No.  
(superstitiously)  
I'm not going near him.

50 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - LOBBY - DAY

50

VALENTIN is overseeing the hanging of a new piece in Swann's collection: a huge, framed POSTER from a late nineteenth century magic spectacular. Valentin is fifty or so, his grey hair combed back close to his scalp. Immaculately dressed in a distinctively European fashion. Precise. Cautious. Elegant.

He orders the TWO PICTURE-HANGERS in a clipped fashion.

VALENTIN  
Higher. Another inch. The  
left hand side's too low.

Dorothea descends the stairs, dressed for the day.

DOROTHEA  
. Valentin?

VALENTIN  
(to Hangers)  
Good. There.  
(to Dorothea)  
Yes?

DOROTHEA  
(gives him the  
newspaper)  
You saw this?

Valentin nods. They walk back through the house together, while the picture-hanging goes on behind them.

DOROTHEA  
I want you to find this man  
D'Amour for me.

She passes the newspaper to Valentin. He looks down at it.

ON NEWSPAPER. C.U. of Harry's blurred PICTURE.

51 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

51

Harry is sprawled on the bed, in his undershorts. A shaft of sun darts between the drapes, missing his face by inches.

Somebody is knocking on the door, hard.

HARRY  
(waking)  
What...?

He rolls over. The sun strikes his eyes. He winces.

HARRY  
Shit.

VALENTIN (V.O.)  
Mr. D'Amour?

HARRY  
Go away.

VALENTIN (V.O.)  
It's one in the afternoon.

HARRY  
What are you, my mother?

VALENTIN (V.O.)  
I need to speak to you, Mr.  
D'Amour. About last night.

Harry gets up and stumbles to the door. He opens it a little. The face of VALENTIN is visible through the crack.

HARRY  
Whatever I said, I didn't mean  
it, okay? I get a few drinks  
inside me--

VALENTIN  
We've never met.

HARRY  
Then what do you want?

VALENTIN  
I'm here to offer you a job.

HARRY  
I'm going back to New York in--  
(consults his watch)  
Shit! I'm outta here.

VALENTIN  
Have you got a job that'll pay  
you five thousand a day?

A beat. Then Harry takes the chain off the door.

HARRY  
Do I get lunch?

CUT TO:

52 EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD. - DAY

52

A white SEDAN glides along the boulevard. At the wheel,  
Valentin. Beside him, Harry.

53 INT. SEDAN - DAY

53

Harry is eating a burrito and sipping coffee.

HARRY  
Whose is the car?

VALENTIN  
Mine.

HARRY  
Nah. You're driving it too  
carefully.

VALENTIN  
(sparring)  
Maybe I just bought it.

HARRY  
Somebody's been smoking in here  
for months.

He pulls open the ashtray. Pulls out a cigar-butt.

HARRY  
Havanas. You're not the  
smoker. So who is?

VALENTIN  
(laughs)  
You could almost pass for a  
detective, D'Amour.  
(a beat)  
I work for the best illusionist  
in the world.

HARRY  
Philip Swann?

VALENTIN  
You know of him?

HARRY  
I saw him in Vegas once.

VALENTIN  
Are you a gambling man?

HARRY  
When I can afford to lose.  
Swann's quite a magician.

VALENTIN  
Never call him that. He's  
strictly an illusionist.

HARRY  
What's the difference?

VALENTIN  
Illusions are trickery.  
Magicians do it for real.

54 EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY - GATES - DAY 54

The sedan turns into a driveway.

55 EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY - DAY 55

The sun beats down on a pristine panorama of palms and  
white marble tombs. Harry and Valentin walk towards a  
large mausoleum.

HARRY  
Any movie stars buried here?

VALENTIN  
Probably.

HARRY  
It's not a bad place. Warm.  
Great view.



VALENTIN  
I don't think the dead much  
care.

HARRY  
Are you sure?

VALENTIN  
Are you a believer, then?

Valentin gives him an inquisitive look.

HARRY  
I've signed on for them all in  
my time. Hindu. Catholic.  
You can't have too many  
saviours.

Harry's gaze is on the mausoleum now; or rather on the  
woman in white standing in its cool shadows: Dorothea  
Swann. She wears a wide-brimmed hat.

HARRY  
Who is she?

VALENTIN  
Swann's wife.

CUT TO:

VALENTIN

sitting on the mausoleum steps reading a book. He  
glances up.

Harry and Dorothea are wandering between the graves,  
deep in conversation.

DOROTHEA  
I want you to help me help my  
husband. I know he's in some  
kind of trouble. And it's  
something to do with the man  
you saw murdered.

HARRY  
Did your husband know Quaid?

DOROTHEA  
Yes. They weren't close, but  
they saw each other once in a  
while. I think Philip believes  
all that stuff with the tarot  
cards.

HARRY

You don't?

DOROTHEA

I think we make our own futures.

Harry makes an approving MURMUR.

HARRY

What's the connection?

DOROTHEA

(covering now, but  
well)

I don't exactly know. Philip doesn't like to talk about the past.

HARRY

Why not?

Dorothea stops talking. Takes off her sunglasses. Her gaze is troubled, but direct. There is an attraction between the two of them that simmers beneath the dialogue.

DOROTHEA

He's a secretive man.

HARRY

And you don't ask questions?

DOROTHEA

We don't share our lives the way a lot of people do.

HARRY

Does that mean...?

DOROTHEA

We haven't slept in the same bed for years.

HARRY

But obviously you still care what happens to him.

DOROTHEA

We wouldn't be having this conversation if I didn't. Swann's one of the most remarkable men alive.

Harry frowns.

DOROTHEA  
You don't believe me.

HARRY .  
He's an illusionist. It's not  
exactly brain surgery.

Dorothea stares at him.

Sorry. You asked.

DOROTHEA  
No.. You're right. He could  
have been something more.  
Maybe a lot more. But people  
get lost. Even good people.  
Too much fame. Too much money.

HARRY  
Where do I sign?

Dorothea LAUGHS lightly.

DOROTHEA  
Will you take the job, Mr.  
D'Amour?

HARRY  
Harry.

DOROTHEA  
Harry.

HARRY  
I'm no bodyguard.

DOROTHEA  
That's not what I'm asking for.  
I want somebody who can find  
out what Philip saw in those  
damn cards. And stop it from  
happening.

HARRY  
When do you want me to start?

DOROTHEA  
Come to the show with me.  
Tonight. I want you to see him  
with an audience. They love  
him.

HARRY

Do you?

The question catches Dorothea off guard.

DOROTHEA

I didn't marry him for love,  
Mr. D'Amour. Tonight?

HARRY

Sure.

Dorothea makes a little smile, and walks away. Harry watches her go, exhaling an appreciative breath at the sight of her departing figure.

CUT TO:

56 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

56

Harry's talking on the phone while he dresses for the theatre.

HARRY

You're not listening to me,  
Loomis--

CUT TO:

57 INT. LOOMIS' OFFICE - NEW YORK - NIGHT

57

LOOMIS, a slob of a man, is in his office, eating pizza.

58 INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

58

LOOMIS

The case is closed, Harry.  
Tapert's given us a full  
confession. Get your ass back  
to New York.

HARRY

No. I'm taking a couple of  
weeks' vacation.

LOOMIS

You never took a fucking  
vacation in your life, Harry.  
What's going on?

HARRY

I got to go. I'm late.

LOOMIS

Call me tomorrow.

HARRY  
There's other guys as good as  
me, Loomis.

LOOMIS .  
Yeah. But not as cheap. Call  
me.

HARRY  
A couple of weeks--

LOOMIS  
One question.

HARRY  
What?

LOOMIS  
Who is she?

Harry can't help but smile to himself.

LOOMIS  
I thought so. 'Night, Harry.

Click. Harry puts down the phone. Glances at himself  
in the mirror. Raises a rueful eyebrow.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. WILTERN THEATRE - NIGHT

59

CRANE DOWN from a looming STANDEE of Swann, perched  
above the theatre marquee. SPOTLIGHTS rake the skies.  
The sidewalk below is jammed with AUDIENCE MEMBERS,  
STAR-SPOTTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS. This is a flashy,  
prestigious event. LIMOS are disgorging scantily-  
dressed STARLETS and smiling MONEY MEN; a NEWS TEAM is  
interviewing audience members as they file in.

The atmosphere is noisy and excited. Amid the throng,  
Harry. He makes his way inside.

60 INT. WILTERN THEATRE - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

60

The atmosphere is closer to a rock concert than a  
conventional stage show. Security people with walkie-  
talkies roam the aisles; the audience buzzes with barely  
controlled hysteria.

Harry heads down the aisle, eyes on the stage. A star-  
lit CURTAIN covers it. Six rows from the stage is  
Dorothea, already in her seat. She smiles lavishly,  
happy to see him.

DOROTHEA

I'm glad you could make it.

Harry takes a seat beside her.

HARRY

Hey, this is a big deal for me.  
You know what seats like this  
cost in New York?

61 INT. WILTERN THEATRE - STAGE - NIGHT

61

Center-stage, behind the closed curtains, Swann is ready  
for the opening of the show. TECHNICIANS buzz around  
him like flies.

SWANN

Valentin!

Valentin emerges from the wings, patting the PANTHER  
that is waiting there.

SWANN

(irritated)

Valentin!

VALENTIN

I'm here.

SWANN

The guy with Dorothea. Is that  
who I think it is?

Valentin nods.

ON SWANN, his expression unreadable.

SWANN

He's young.

MUSIC strikes up. A dramatic, Wagnerian chord.  
Valentin hurries away. Swann's expression becomes very  
focused.

1ST TECHNICIAN

(to Swann)

Ready?

SWANN

Ready.

Swann rises up into the flies.

1ST TECHNICIAN

How the fuck does he do that?

2ND TECHNICIAN  
It's wires, man.

1ST TECHNICIAN  
I never seen no wires.

2ND TECHNICIAN  
(sarcastic)  
So what is it? Magic?

62 INT. WILTERN THEATRE - AUDITORIUM AND STAGE - NIGHT

62

The LIGHTS are DIMMING. Harry glances across at Dorothea, whose gaze is intent.

The LIGHTS go OUT. The MUSIC SWELLS, and the CURTAINS fly apart. A spectacle worthy of Siegfried and Roy is about to blast our senses! Magic for the 90's: a wild, erotic ride into mystery.

SWANN (V.O.)  
Ladies and gentlemen. You are standing on the threshold of a miracle...

A vortex of SMOKE and LIGHT swirls in the middle of the stage.

The vortex BLAZES--

And suddenly Swann SWEEPS DOWN out of the flies, as the floor of the stage opens and the head of a glittering, razor-toothed DRAGON emerges in a cloud of CRIMSON SMOKE.

Swann raises his hands above his head and a SPEAR miraculously appears in his grasp. He descends on the dragon. It's a classic image: St. Michael smiting the Devil. Swann drives the spear down the throat of the dragon. The theatre SHAKES at its dying ROARS. Then the head cracks open, and out of the dragon's mouth emerge a dozen scantily-dressed DANCERS, male and female. Swann throws down the spear, and where it strikes the stage his PANTHER appears.

A ROAR of APPLAUSE from the audience. Swann's plain white tunic falls away from him as he descends. By the time his feet touch the stage he is dressed in a star-shot TUXEDO. The PANTHER licks his hand in welcome. The MUSIC comes to a crescendo. The DANCERS freeze in their erotic dance. In the sudden hush, Swann speaks in a whisper.

SWANN  
My friends...come with  
me...into the Great Beyond.

A barrage of LIGHTS and MUSIC erupt.

The AUDIENCE APPLAUDS wildly.

ON HARRY and Dorothea.

HARRY  
He's good.

DOROTHEA  
You haven't seen anything yet.

63 INT. WILTERN THEATRE - LOBBY - NIGHT

63

The doors SQUEAK as a gust of WIND blows through them.

Butterfield stands in the lobby, listening to the muted SOUNDS of MUSIC and APPLAUSE. Then he offers his ticket to the TICKET-COLLECTOR and steps inside.

64 INT. WILTERN THEATRE - AUDITORIUM AND STAGE - NIGHT

64

A new musical motif hangs in the air: MUSIC announcing danger.

The AUDIENCE watches intently, nervously.

ON HARRY and DOROTHEA.

DOROTHEA  
(a whisper)  
This is the new illusion.

ON STAGE, Swann is bound to a spinning WHEEL, while the DANCERS, dressed like Boschian DEMONS, cavort around him, somersaulting and leaping over eruptions of yellow FLAME. It's a scene from Dante's Inferno. Above him, a dozen glittering SWORDS - six feet long - are descending. He struggles to free himself. The MUSIC gets more exciting as the wheel spins faster and faster.

Suddenly, a sword DROPS. It falls between Swann's outstretched legs, skewering the wheel. Then ANOTHER, close to his head.

ON HARRY. He's tense. Excited.

BACK TO STAGE. Swann is free! He throws off the last shackle and uses it to thrust into the mechanism of the wheel. There's a theatrical BLAZE of white-hot SPARKS.



The wheel slows. He starts to step off it, as another of the the swords DROPS.

The AUDIENCE GASPS. Swann smiles, and TRIPS.

As he FALLS, the sword runs through the middle of his back, carrying him down to the still-spinning wheel, and pinning him there. Some of the DANCERS continue to cavort. Some stop.

More GASPS from the audience.

ON HARRY, having a --

FLASHBACK: Harry's hand turns over the final tarot card. The scene on the stage is that image coming to life.

HARRY

There's something wrong...

ON Swann, as a second sword FALLS, skewering his thigh, and a third, running through his buttock, and a fourth and fifth, until TEN SWORDS have entered his body.

ON THE AUDIENCE, not certain whether this is a trick or not.

The MUSIC has stopped. In the silence, somebody GIGGLES nervously. A couple of PEOPLE break into APPLAUSE, but it dies away in a matter of moments.

ON DOROTHEA AND HARRY

~~DOROTHEA~~

No...

ON THE STAGE, Swann raises his head and looks out at his wife, his eyes already glassy with imminent death. He reaches out towards her, and then sags on the wheel, dead.

There are GASPS now from the audience. Murmurs of disgust; sobs of horror.

1ST AUDIENCE MEMBER

What happened?

2ND AUDIENCE MEMBER

It's a trick.

3RD AUDIENCE MEMBER

Somebody help him.

The curtains start to close.

ON Dorothea, tears of shock filling her eyes.

DOROTHEA

(to Harry)

I've got to get to him!

The AUDIENCE is rising now, as the horror of what they've seen sinks in. There is panic. A few people have fainted. One or two are even praying.

Harry carves out a path down to the stage for Dorothea against the flood of the exiting crowd.

[LIVE]

Out of the way! Out of the way!

He helps Dorothea onto the stage, and lifts the curtain so she can duck beneath it.

65 INT. WILTERN THEATRE - STAGE - NIGHT

65

Chaos. PEOPLE running, sobbing, puking; some simply standing watching. Valentin is already at the body, with the STAGE MANAGER at his side.

VALENTIN

(to Stage Manager)

Get them out of here, for God's sake--

STAGE MANAGER

You heard him! It's not a fucking show!

He starts to physically push the crowd back. Harry grabs his arm.

STAGE MANAGER

Who are you?

Harry uses his grip to gently but efficiently move the STAGE MANAGER out of Dorothea's way. She goes to Swann's body, which has been removed from the wheel.

66 INT. WILTERN THEATRE - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

66

The audience is clearing now. But Butterfield is coming towards the stage, with an ambiguous look on his face. Is he enraged? Or puzzled? Or both?

MILLER

Psst!

Miller stands at an open door, leading below the stage.

Butterfield enters.

67 INT. WILTERN THEATRE - STAGE - NIGHT

67

Dorothea kneels at Swann's side. A few yards from her, Harry examines the mechanism of the wheel.

DOROTHEA  
(softly)

Swann...

A DOCTOR appears.

DOCTOR  
I'm a doctor. Let me through.

The Doctor checks Swann's body.

DOCTOR  
(to Dorothea)  
I'm sorry...

Harry has discovered a CABLE snaking down beside the device. He's suspicious. He slips round to the back of the mechanism, and climbs down beneath the stage, tracing the cable as he goes.

68 INT. WILTERN THEATRE - BELOW STAGE - NIGHT

It's an eerie, shadowy space, filled with the PROPS that are used in the show, including the DRAGON we saw at the beginning. From above we hear FOOTSTEPS and VOICES, muted and echoing.

The cable ends in bare wires. Whatever was here has been taken.

A NOISE, behind Harry. He swings round. Sees a shadowy FIGURE ducking away.

HARRY  
Hey!

He gives chase. Loses the man in the shadows. Stops and listens for movement.

Suddenly, Miller steps out of the shadows with a plank of wood, and smashes it into Harry's face!

Harry reels back. Falls to his knees, BLOOD running from his nose. Miller pulls Harry's GUN out of his jacket.

MILLER  
Got you, fucker!

Harry is facing the dragon's head, dazed. And now, out of the dragon's mouth, comes Butterfield.

BUTTERFIELD  
Who did this, D'Amour? Who  
killed Swann?

Harry is barely holding on to consciousness.

HARRY  
You did.  
(a beat)  
Didn't you?

BUTTERFIELD  
Why would I do that?

HARRY  
Beats me.

Butterfield is a foot from Harry now.

BUTTERFIELD  
You don't have a clue what  
you're into, do you?

HARRY  
Deep shit?

Butterfield hits him.

BUTTERFIELD  
Who did this?

HARRY  
I told you--

Butterfield hits him again.

BUTTERFIELD  
Who did this?

(raises his hand)  
All right. It was...

Butterfield comes a little closer.

HARRY  
(feigning a near  
collapse)  
... it was...

Butterfield leans in. And Harry grabs him by the balls -- literally -- rising as he does so.

## BUTTERFIELD

Aah!

Harry THROWS Butterfield aside. Butterfield hits the ground in agony, and Harry swings round to protect himself from Miller, who's levelling Harry's gun.

He FIRES once, missing Harry by inches. Harry catches hold of a ROPE underfoot and pulls it, tripping Miller, who TOPPLES backwards into the mouth of the dragon. The GUN GOES OFF again, the bullet BLOWING APART the dragon's JAW MECHANISM.

Miller starts to sit up, his body splayed between the dragon's steel teeth. He has Harry in his sights --

-- something CREAKS. He looks up. The dragon's jaw is closing, FAST. He starts to scramble to his feet. Too late! The teeth SLAM CLOSED on his body. Sudden death.

Harry looks round to see Butterfield retreating into the shadows. Then he's gone. Harry looks down at Miller's BLOOD, which is pooling around his feet.

HARRY

Deep shit...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

69 INT. POLICE STATION - EDDISON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

69

Harry sits at Eddison's desk, looking exhausted and bruised. Eddison has just finished taking his statement.

EDDISON

And this Butterfield guy--

HARRY

--vanished.

EDDISON

(frustrated sigh)

Another fucking magician.  
Jesus.

Harry looks past Eddison and sees an ashen, tearful Dorothea being taken into another office.

HARRY

Are you finished with me?

EDDISON

For now. Are you planning to go back to New York?

HARRY

(watching Dorothea)

No. Not yet...

0 INT. POLICE STATION - OTHER OFFICE - NIGHT

70

Dorothea sits alone, staring at the wall. Harry enters.

HARRY

Are they treating you okay?

DOROTHEA

(nods)

I heard what happened. It looks like somebody murdered him.

HARRY

I'm sorry I got into this too late. But if you want me to stick around, maybe dig where the cops don't look...

DOROTHEA

I don't know where you'd start.

HARRY

Well... how about some of the other illusionists?

DOROTHEA

They won't tell you anything.

HARRY

I can be very persuasive.

DOROTHEA

(a beat)

Yes. I think you probably can.

(another beat)

We'd need to talk about your fee.

~~XXXX~~

Forget the fee. If I find Butterfield, maybe we'll talk about money. If I don't...

(he shrugs)

...my gamble. Either way... I get to spend some time... here.

The way he says this, it's plain "here" doesn't mean L.A., it means near Dorothea. And by the tiny smile on her face, it's also plain she knows it.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. MAGIC SHOP - HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY 71

Noon. Bright sun. Busy street. Harry, now wearing a bandage on his cut face, enters.

72 INT. MAGIC SHOP - DAY 72

A wonderland for illusionists. Books, props, masks, tricks, etc. Two or three CUSTOMERS browse. Harry glances at them all, then targets a MAN in late middle age, who is browsing through books, one-handed. His other hand constantly manipulates a card, concealing and revealing it in a dozen ways. He doesn't even look at his hand. His name is WALTER WILDER.

Harry stands beside him. Scans the shelf.

HARRY

Where'd you learn that?

WILDER

What?

HARRY

(points)

That.

WILDER

At birth. I don't know you--

HARRY

Harry D'Amour.

WILDER

I know all the kids coming up.  
Got to stay ahead of the game.  
But I don't know you.

WILDER

I'm in from New York. I came  
to see Swann.

WILDER

What a tragedy. It was just a  
matter of time, of course, but  
it's not good for the business.

HARRY

Was he taking a lot of risks?

WILDER  
 You don't know the half of it.  
 I'm Walter Wilder, by the way.

HARRY  
 Not the Walter Wilder?

Walter beams.

WILDER  
 The one and only.

He hands Harry a card.

WILDER  
 Want to try?

Harry tries to emulate Wilder's card manipulation through the rest of this conversation.

WILDER  
 You know Vinovich?

HARRY  
 (not a clue)  
 Sure. Vivovich.

WILDER  
 He knew Swann way back. He  
 says there were a lot of drugs,  
 a lot of crazy shit.

HARRY  
 I'd love to... you know... hang  
 with some of you guys.

WILDER  
 People are pretty cagey. Who  
 do you know?

HARRY  
 For what?

WILDER  
 For an introduction.

HARRY  
 Well... nobody.

Wilder takes a moment to assess Harry, who is attempting to manipulate the card he's been given with charming ineptitude.



WILDER  
(magnanimously)  
You do now.

73 EXT. MAGIC CASTLE - DUSK

73

The castle is faux, of course, but it has a Gothic charm.

Harry and Walter wander towards the front door. Harry is knotting a newly-bought tie.

HARRY  
I only wear ties for funerals.

WILDER  
You don't get in without one.  
It's like a gentlemen's club  
for illusionists. Except most  
of us aren't gentlemen.

74 INT. MAGIC CASTLE - CORRIDORS - NIGHT

74

The interior is murky and atmospheric, the walls covered with illusionists' posters.

Walter leads the way through the long corridors, past rooms where illusionists are performing close-up magic for audiences of well-heeled patrons. Walter nods and waves to half a dozen people on their way through the house, up the stairs and towards the bar.

~~WILDER~~  
Are they all in the business?

WILDER  
It's not a business, Harry.  
It's a vocation.

Wilder points to a locked door.

WILDER  
That's what they call the  
Repository. Every magic secret  
known to man's locked up in  
that room.

~~HARRY~~  
Have you been in?

WILDER  
No. There's only three keys.  
Vinovich has got one, of  
course.

(beat)

WILDER (CON'T)  
He's a little crazy, by the way. And he's a mean drunk. Otherwise, he's a real charmer.

CUT TO:

75 INT. MAGIC CASTLE - BAR - NIGHT

75

Later. A drunken VINOVICH is holding court. He's in his 40's: a flamboyant and locquacious man with a heavy (and fake) mittel-European accent. At the table - besides Harry and Walter - are: Vinovich's starlet/nymphet girlfriend LAURA; an Asian-American illusionist called BILLY WHO; and two of Vinovich's adoring courtiers, an overblown, overdressed female illusionist - DEBRA DEVINE - and a thin, waspish fellow in a spangly suit: the AMAZING QUENTIN.

In the conversation that follows we go back to Harry repeatedly as he studies this extraordinary group.

VINOVICH  
It's more than entertainment.  
We're opening people's heads  
up. Putting miracles back into  
their boring little lives.

BILLY  
But they're fake miracles.

VINOVICH  
Houdini believed he had spirit  
guides.

HARRY  
You believe that?

VINOVICH  
I think we walk a narrow path,  
between... between...

HARRY  
Heaven and Hell?

Vinovich stares hard at Harry, trying to figure out whether he's being sarcastic or not.

VINOVICH  
Trickery and divinity.

HARRY  
Are you saying that sometimes  
the miracles are real?

VINOVICH

No. I'm saying they were always fake. The saints, the messiahs, they were just illusionists.

HARRY .

So could you walk on water?

VINOVICH

(deadly serious)

I could reproduce any miracle that's ever been performed, with a little preparation.

-

HARRY

What about Swann's miracles?

The smug smile on Vinovich's face dies. Furtive glances are exchanged around the table. Only Billy Who makes a tiny smile.

VINOVICH

They weren't worth a damn.

HARRY

(goaded)

I heard he was the best.

VINOVICH

If he was so good why's he so dead?

Vinovich begins to look suspicious.

HARRY

You tell me. No? I thought you'd maybe have a theory--

VINOVICH

Oh, I've got plenty.

HARRY

I'd like to hear them.

Vinovich rises.

VINOVICH

I'm not saying another word.

(to Wilder)

You damn fool. He's a journalist.

Just tell me about Swann. Or  
are you too scared?

VINOVICH

He was a freak. Everything he  
did was tainted.

Harry rises. Looks straight at Vinovich, unintimidated.

HARRY

With what?

VINOVICH

Evil. He was evil.

(to Laura)

Come on.

She rises.

VINOVICH

(to the rest)

Say nothing to this man if you  
wish to keep my company.

He stalks away. Harry calls after him, across a now-  
silenced bar.

HARRY

Great accent, by the way. Is  
it Brooklyn?

VINOVICH

(pure Brooklyn)

Fuck you.

76 EXT. MAGIC CASTLE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

76

Harry heads to the car.

BILLY (V.O.)

Harry!

Harry turns. Billy approaches, glancing behind him to  
see that he's not being watched.

BILLY

I gotta be careful. If  
Vinovich sees me talking to  
you-- He's an asshole, but  
he's a powerful asshole.

HARRY

They go together.

BILLY  
(lowered voice)  
I've heard a name. Someone  
they talk about in whispers.

HARRY  
Who?

BILLY  
Nix.

HARRY  
Nix?

BILLY  
Like in nothing. Nobody. Nix.

HARRY  
Who is he?

BILLY  
I think maybe he taught Swann.  
(hands Harry a card)  
This is me. See ya around.

Billy hurries away.

CUT TO:

77 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

77

Harry lies on his bed, dozing. The CAMERA CREEPS IN on him.

DOROTHEA (V.O.)  
... I want somebody who can  
find out what Philip saw in  
those damn cards...

Harry frowns in his semi-doze.

DISSOLVE TO:

78 FLASHBACK - QUAID'S ROOM

78

BUTTERFIELD  
Ever watched a man die?

The image darkens, and fades up a beat later on Quaid.

QUAID  
Please... I wasn't there... Ask  
Pimm.

BUTTERFIELD  
Pimm's dead. Jennifer  
Desiderio's disappeared...

BACK TO:

79 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

79

Harry is still asleep.

CUT TO:

80 FLASHBACK - QUAID'S ROOM

80

QUAID  
I'm not afraid to die. There's  
something terrible... coming  
home...

A long silence.

SUDDENLY, a telephone RINGS..

BACK TO:

81 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

81

HARRY sits up, shocked awake!

HARRY  
Shit!

He picks up the receiver.

HARRY  
This is D'Amour.

CUT TO:

82 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - DOROTHEA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

82

She sits up on her bed, dressed in a silk robe, and nothing else, drinking a SCOTCH, talking on the phone. The primary source of illumination is the massive T.V. set in the wall opposite the bed.

DOROTHEA  
Harry... I know it's late.

81A INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

81A

There should be a subtle eroticism pervading this exchange. Both of them on beds, in different bedrooms. Each aroused by the other's voice, and frustrated not to be able to see and touch them.

HARRY

That's okay.

As he speaks, Harry scrawls Jennifer Desiderio on the title page of the Gideon's Bible beside the bed.

82A

DOROTHEA

How did it go today?

82A

81B

HARRY

I went up to the Magic Castle.  
You were right. He didn't have  
a lot of fans up there.

81B

CUT TO:

83

INT. SWANN'S MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

83

Valentin, on the kitchen PHONE, is listening in.

DOROTHEA (V.O.)

They were jealous of him.

HARRY (V.O.)

Why? Because he had you?

BACK TO:

INTERCUTTING: HARRY - DOROTHEA - VALENTIN

82B

DOROTHEA

He... didn't have me. I told  
you-

82B

81C

HARRY

You didn't marry him for love.

81C

82C

INT. DOROTHEA'S BEDROOM

82C

She's a little uncomfortable now.

81D

HARRY

So why did you marry him?

81D

82D

DOROTHEA

That's my business, Harry.

82D

81E

HARRY

Just curious.

(a beat)

Back to business. Ever heard  
of a man called Nix?

(silence)

Dorothea?

81E

82E DOROTHEA 82E  
 Yes... I'm here. And no. I  
 don't know the name.

81F HARRY 81F  
 What about Jennifer Desiderio?

82F DOROTHEA 82F  
 It doesn't ring a bell. I have  
 to go.

81G HARRY 81G  
 Okay. I'll keep digging.

82G DOROTHEA 82G  
 (uneasy)  
 Yes. You do that.

She puts down the phone, and swallows a mouthful of  
 scotch. She's shaking. She gets up. Paces the room.  
 Then she picks up the phone again.

84 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 84

On the pad beside the bed, Jennifer's name, surrounded  
 by Harry's doodles. The phone RINGS.

CUT WIDE: The room is empty.

■ EXT./INT. QUAID'S OFFICES - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 85

The Tarot Card and Crystal Readings sign is dark now.  
 Harry heads up the stairs, past the PHOTOGRAPHS, to the  
 door of Quaid's Waiting Room. It has been locked and  
 taped by the police. Harry has come prepared. He takes  
 out a small crowbar and levers off the locks.

86 INT. QUAID'S OFFICES - WAITING/FORTUNE TELLING ROOMS-NIGHT 86

Harry enters, FLASHLIGHT on. He crosses the Waiting  
 Room and enters the Fortune-Telling Room where Quaid  
 died. On the TRACK -- a remote, eerie presence -- we  
 hear Quaid's SOBS, Miller's SHOUTS, and, as Harry's  
 flashlight illuminates the blood-spattered table:

BUTTERFIELD (V.O.)  
 If you watch very closely, you  
 can sometimes see the soul  
 escaping.

Harry is spooked. He starts to search the room, opening  
 cabinets and drawers. Quaid's hordes of mystical bric-  
 a-brac are stashed everywhere. Boxes of crystals,  
 religious statues, elaborate cards, incense, etc.



He pulls open a drawer, and notices that a rosary is wedged in a niche at the base of the drawer. He pulls the drawer out, empties its contents on the table, and examines it.

Using the crowbar, he forces the drawer apart. It has a false bottom.

HARRY

(smiles)

Yes...

In the secret compartment, some papers and an address book. He flicks to "D."

HARRY

Desiderio...

There it is. Jennifer Desiderio, and an address. He pockets the book. Then, sensing a presence behind him, he pulls out his gun and whirls around, his flashlight beam revealing --

-- Valentin!

VALENTIN

What the fuck are you doing here?

VALENTIN

Looking for you. I tried the hotel.

HARRY

Why'd you come here?

VALENTIN

You're a detective, with no clues. Where else are you going to look? I'm going to keep this brief.

(he takes out an envelope)

Here's thirty thousand dollars.

HARRY

What for?

VALENTIN

A ticket home.

HARRY

You didn't hire me. She did. If she wants me off the job, I want to hear it from her.

VALENTIN

She doesn't want to see you.  
She's had enough pain. Enough  
churning over the past. She  
wants it all left alone.

HARRY

Left alone? Somebody's been  
murdered.

VALENTIN

Yes. It's regrettable--

HARRY

Fuck regrettable! I want to  
know why.

VALENTIN

What for? You need to stay  
busy?

HARRY

(a confession)

I like to know why things  
happen.

VALENTIN

Why people die?

(shakes his head)

Give it up, D'Amour. Go home.

HARRY

No.

Harry crosses to the door, brushing past Valentin.

VALENTIN

Don't try and see her, D'Amour.  
Just leave her alone. Let her  
heal.

He glances back at Valentin.

HARRY

Lock up, will you?

CUT TO:

Harry looks up -- with some surprise -- not at a house but at a building, the sign on which reads, "St. Luke's Sanitorium".

88 INT. ST. LUKE'S SANITORIUM - DAY

88

The place is bland and functional throughout, the walls decorated with sun-faded reproductions of great paintings. Nothing disturbing. Harry is talking to DR. TOFFLER -- black, fortyish, softly spoken -- and a Nurse.

TOFFLER

Jennifer's only ever had one visitor.

HARRY

A Mister Quaid?

TOFFLER

Right. And he's dead, isn't he? I saw it on the news. Jennifer doesn't know. And frankly, this isn't the best time for her to be told.

[REDACTED]

I won't say anything.

89 INT. ST. LUKE'S SANITORIUM - CORRIDORS AND WARD - DAY

89

Toffler escorts Harry through the place. There are distressing scenes on every side. Nothing melodramatic -- no screaming, no fits. Just a subtle, pervasive air of despair. Blank, empty FACES in blank, empty rooms.

TOFFLER

Jennifer's been with us four years. She was coming on nicely. But just the last month or so, she's worse than ever.

HARRY

What's her problem?

TOFFLER

She has no real grip on reality.

HARRY

(a joke)

Does anybody?

TOFFLER

(deadly serious)

Oh yes. We have to agree  
what's real and what's not.  
That's what holds us together.

HARRY

And what does Jennifer think's  
real?

They've come to french windows, which are wide open.  
Sitting outside in the sun is Jennifer, with her back to  
us.

TOFFLER

(quietly)

Jennifer thinks the Devil's  
coming for her.

(louder)

Jennifer?

Jennifer turns. She looks terrible.

90 EXT. ST. LUKE'S SANITORIUM - GROUNDS - CITY STREET - DAY 90

Harry and Jennifer walk amongst the flower-beds, with  
the Nurse keeping a watch from a discreet distance.  
Throughout the scene we HEAR the SOUND of earth being  
dug, which steadily gets louder as they walk.

JENNIFER

Have we met before?

HARRY

No.

JENNIFER

Only I forget. They give me  
pills, you know, to keep me...  
even... and... I forget things.

HARRY

Well, you didn't forget me. I  
just came because I wanted to  
know if you knew a man called  
Butterfield.

JENNIFER

Maybe... I... don't...

HARRY

What about Philip Swann?

JENNIFER

I knew Swann.

(sudden vehemence)

He's a fucking liar.

A WORKMAN saunters past, carrying pipes.

HARRY

Why's that?

JENNIFER

He said he knew how to protect us. But he didn't know anything. He made us think it was over and done with.

HARRY

What is?

JENNIFER

(tears nearing)

I don't want to think about it. If I think about it he'll hear me. He'll find me.

HARRY

Swann?

Ahead now, the site where the workmen are digging a hole, laying pipes. The CAMERA doesn't focus on this action, but we're aware of it.

JENNIFER

I told you. I don't--

She stops. Looks ahead of her. Her face is suddenly ashen and clammy. Harry follows her gaze to:

The hole. Somebody is in it, digging. Earth emerges in shovelfuls, piling up beside the hole.

JENNIFER

(screaming)

God no! Oh God no!

She backs away from the hole. The Nurse grabs hold of her.

NURSE

Calm down!

She delivers the Nurse a backhand SWIPE. The Nurse is flung back.

JENNIFER

He's not going to get me!

She races down towards the street. Harry goes after her.

JENNIFER

He's not! He's not!

HARRY

Who's not?

He catches up with her.

JENNIFER

Nix! Nix!

HARRY

Is he the Puritan?

JENNIFER

Yes! Yes!

HARRY

And he's dead?

JENNIFER

No. He's coming back. He's digging his way out!

The Nurse appears behind Harry.

NURSE

I'll take care of her now.

Jennifer struggles in Harry's grip.

NURSE

Let go of her, Mr. D'Amour!

The Nurse breaks Harry's hold on Jennifer, who slips away instantly, racing towards the street.

HARRY

Jennifer!

She scrambles up over a wall, and flings herself from the top. There's a SCREECH of brakes, then the smashing of metalwork and glass. Harry gets to the wall before the Nurse. Hoists himself up onto it. Looks down.

Jennifer is dead in the middle of the street, beneath

the wheels of a car. The DRIVER is out, and yelling incoherently.

HARRY

Jesus.

He slips back down the wall, and leans against it.

He looks towards the hole. The Workman has stopped digging. His mud-encrusted hands emerge, and for a moment, before his head appears, the image is eerily like somebody climbing from a grave. Harry closes his eyes.

HARRY

(very quietly)

Jesus.

92 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DUSK

92

The sun is setting, the city giving way to night.

93 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

93

Harry's on the phone.

HARRY

I want to speak to Dorothea.

VALENTIN (V.O.)

I'm afraid she's not in.

HARRY

When will she be in?

94 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

94

Valentin on the phone in the study.

DOROTHEA

Who is it?

Valentin puts the phone down.

VALENTIN

Crank call. I'll get the number changed.

DOROTHEA

No word from D'Amour?

Valentin shakes his head.

VALENTIN

It's better he's gone. He would have done more harm than good.

DOROTHEA

Harm to whom? Me? I don't think so. Try him again at the hotel.

VALENTIN

I left three messages already.

Dorothea nods, plainly sad at Harry's desertion. She turns and leaves the room.

95 INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

95

ON BILLY WHO'S CARD, in Harry's hand.

HARRY

(on phone)

Billy? It's Harry. Suppose I wanted to get into the repository at the Magic Castle?

CUT TO:

96 INT. MAGIC CASTLE - SKYLIGHT ROOM - NIGHT

96

The place is eerie by night: all masks and shadows.

PAN UP to the skylight. Harry is cutting away a pane of glass. Billy's behind him. The pane starts to FALL. With lightning reflexes, Billy reaches through and catches it.

HARRY

You've done this before.

BILLY

I've had my moments.

97 INT. MAGIC CASTLE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE REPOSITORY - NIGHT

97

Harry's manipulating the lock.

BILLY

I'm sure they'll have this place rigged.

HARRY

How?



BILLY  
It'll be something hokey.

CLICK! The door opens.

BILLY  
Houdini'd been proud of you.

98 INT. MAGIC CASTLE - REPOSITORY - NIGHT 98

Undusted shelves piled high with manuscripts, old books, and posters in every direction.

BILLY  
(impressed)  
Whoa...

On the wall, plaster LIFE-MASKS. In glass cases, the tools of the great magicians: KNIVES, KEYS, GUNS, WANDS, even an IRON MAIDEN. Billy is in awe. He wanders around wide-eyed while Harry scans the shelves. The dialogue runs as they investigate.

BILLY  
I hear Mrs. Swann's quite a babe.

HARRY  
You heard right.

BILLY  
You ever been married?

HARRY  
Yeah. She was killed in a car crash. Her lawyer was driving. She was filing for divorce.

BILLY  
Why?

HARRY  
My life was too weird for her.

BILLY  
(grinning)  
I love weird.

Harry has seen a small SIGIL carved onto one of the shelves.

HARRY  
Billy? This was on Miller's forehead. Any idea what it is?

BILLY

Nope.

Harry presses it. The entire bookcase opens up,  
CREAKING.

BILLY .

What did I tell you? So  
fucking hokey.

Inside, there is a small shelf. On it, FILES and  
PAPERS.

HARRY

What have we got here?

Ever-eager, Billy steps into the recess. And--

--two spiked, latticed gates close on his arm!

Harry grabs the gates before they snap closed, inches  
from skewering Billy's flesh and bone! He keeps them  
open, his sinews straining.

HARRY

Grab the files!

Billy reaches in and pulls out a handful of the files.  
As he steps out of range, Harry lets go and the gates  
close with a CLANG!

BILLY

Jesus!

He slams the files down. He's trembling.

BILLY

I could have lost my fucking  
hands.

BILLY

That would have kept you out of  
the Magic Circle.

(he studies the  
files)

Which was presumably the idea.

(a beat)

These are about Nix.

Harry takes a sheaf of papers, and hands them to Billy.

HARRY

You go through these. Go on!

Reluctantly, Billy does so. Harry picks up a faded PHOTOGRAPH of the doorway to Nix's HOUSE (with the sigil painted on it) and BUTTERFIELD the child standing in the sun. There are other CULTISTS standing around. And in the DOORWAY -- a barely visible figure (and all the more intimidating for that) -- is NIX.

HARRY

Wait a minute...

He stares at the boy's face. The eyes are clearly different colours.

HARRY

That's Butterfield...

BILLY

(points to man in doorway)

And who's that?

ON HARRY, staring at the ambiguous presence.

ON THE PHOTOGRAPH of the shadowy figure.

HARRY

At a guess? The Puritan. Nix.

Billy picks up an ETCHING, water-stained and dirty. It shows a horror we recognize: a man's HAND pressed into the FLESH of another man's HEAD.

BILLY

Take a look at this.

HARRY

(looking at it)

A Nix specialty?

Billy is getting subtly spooked now. He puts the etching down and starts to go through others in the series. We glimpse them as he does so. In one, a MAN regurgitates a serpentine form made of FLAME. In another, a MAN stares at his own HAND which is STRIPPED OF FLESH. There is no bone beneath. Only a form of solid blackness. In a third, we see a HEAD with a slit in the middle of the brow, emanating DARKNESS.

BILLY

I don't know any of these tricks...

Harry studies the etchings.

Reluctantly, Billy does so. Harry picks up a faded PHOTOGRAPH of the doorway to Nix's HOUSE (with the sigil painted on it) and BUTTERFIELD the child standing in the sun. There are other CULTISTS standing around. And in the DOORWAY -- a barely visible figure (and all the more intimidating for that) -- is NIX.

HARRY

Wait a minute...

He stares at the boy's face. The eyes are clearly different colours.

HARRY

That's Butterfield...

BILLY

(points to man in  
doorway)

And who's that?

ON HARRY, staring at the ambiguous presence.

ON THE PHOTOGRAPH of the shadowy figure.

HARRY

At a guess? The Puritan. Nix.

Billy picks up an ETCHING, water-stained and dirty. It shows a horror we recognize: a man's HAND pressed into the FLESH of another man's HEAD.

BILLY

Take a look at this.

HARRY

(looking at it)

A Nix specialty?

Billy is getting subtly spooked now. He puts the etching down and starts to go through others in the series. We glimpse them as he does so. In one, a MAN regurgitates a serpentine form made of FLAME. In another, a MAN stares at his own HAND which is STRIPPED OF FLESH. There is no bone beneath. Only a form of solid blackness. In a third, we see a HEAD with a slit in the middle of the brow, emanating DARKNESS.

BILLY

I don't know any of these  
tricks...

Harry studies the etchings.

HARRY  
(a slow burn)  
Maybe they're not tricks.

BILLY  
(mystified)  
I mean, there's no  
instructions--  
(realizes what Harry  
said)  
What do you mean, they're not  
tricks?

HARRY  
What did Vinovich say?  
Something about walking a path  
between--

BILLY  
Trickery and divinity. Yeah,  
he says that all the time.

HARRY  
That's because he knew. He'd  
seen these files and knew.

BILLY  
Knew what?

Out of the corner of his eye, Harry sees a motion  
between the book-stacks. Billy frowns. Harry puts his  
fingers to his lips. Gestures for Billy to take cover.  
Billy backs away. Harry slowly turns in the direction  
of the motion.

Something eerily sepulchral is gliding between the  
stacks. A figure in a straight-jacket, with his head  
bowed.

Harry takes out his gun.

Billy disappears around the back of one of the stacks.  
Harry goes after the apparition.

The TRACK is completely silent.

Suddenly, the creature appears behind Billy! It looks  
up, its face that of a psychotic: burning eyes, manic  
smile.

It tears open its straight-jacket and reaches for Billy,  
who backs away.

BILLY  
Harry!

Books tumble on top of Billy as he stumbles against the shelves.

BILLY  
Where the fuck are you?

Harry appears, and puts his gun to the PSYCHO'S head.

Okay. Hold it right there.

The gun goes through the Psycho's skull, as though it's made of smoke.

Harry waves his hands through it. It's completely ethereal.

But it's still terrorizing Billy.

BILLY  
(in mortal terror)  
Get it off me!

Harry glances around. Sees a LIGHT flickering between some books. FIRES at it. The light goes out. The "Psycho" vanishes. Billy is left hyper-ventilating on the ground.

HARRY  
Hokey enough for you?

BILLY  
I'm out of here, man! Are you coming?

Harry picks up a handful of papers from the Nix file.

HARRY  
. I'm coming.

Billy is already out of the room. For a moment, Harry pauses to look back at the other files, sealed behind the spiked gates.

As he does so--

--the projector sparks into life one last time, and the "Psycho" appears -- ROARING -- at Harry's shoulder.

HARRY  
Ah, shaddup!

He FIRES at the projector a second time.

On the GUN SHOT --

CUT TO:

99 EXT. MAGIC CASTLE - NIGHT

99

Billy and Harry are parting.

HARRY  
Thanks, Billy.

BILLY  
Hey, anytime.  
(a beat)  
Actually, no. This was enough.

They shake, and part.

100 EXT. SWANN'S MANSION - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

100

Harry waits on the doorstep. Valentin opens the door.

VALENTIN  
(quietly)  
I can't let you in.

  
(stepping in)  
Yeah, I know.

VALENTIN  
You want more money, is that  
it?

Harry pushes him aside.

101 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - VARIOUS - NIGHT

101

Harry starts to go through the house, opening doors.

HARRY  
Dorothea?

He sees candle-light through a partially open door.  
Starts towards it.

VALENTIN  
Leave her alone--

HARRY  
Shut up!

He pushes open the door.

102 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - CASKET ROOM - NIGHT

102

The room is a museum of Swann's career. Posters and memorabilia everywhere. And in the middle of the room, Swann's sealed CASKET, surrounded by flowers and candles. Dorothea is standing beside it, head bowed.

DOROTHEA

This is the way he wanted it...  
no autopsy, no embalming.  
Nobody meddling with his  
body...

Harry approaches, slowly.

DOROTHEA

Flesh is a trap. That's what  
he used to say. Flesh is a  
trap and magic sets us free.  
(a beat)  
Why did you come back?

XXXX

I didn't leave. I was just  
digging around.

Dorothea looks up at him.

DOROTHEA

(uneasy)  
What did you find?

HARRY

Jennifer Desiderio, for one.  
(he watches her for a  
response)  
She threw herself in front of a  
car this afternoon.

Dorothea can't disguise her distress.

DOROTHEA

Oh Christ.

HARRY

(a beat)  
Why don't you tell me the  
truth?

103 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

103

Dorothea pours herself a drink, while Harry spreads the PHOTOs and the PAPERS from the repository on the table.



HARRY

Nix ran some kind of cult,  
right? Some kind of Charlie  
Manson deal?

DOROTHEA

It was more than that, I think.

HARRY

He was the real thing, right?

DOROTHEA

Swann said he could do stuff,  
yes.

HARRY

Stuff?

DOROTHEA

He could get into people's  
heads. Make them see things.  
Terrible things. And he could  
levitate. Juggle fire.

HARRY

He taught all this to Swann?

DOROTHEA

Some of it.

104 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - HALLWAY OUTSIDE STUDY - NIGHT 104  
Valentin is listening at the door.

105 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT 105

HARRY

So Swann was performing magic,  
not illusions?

(Dorothea nods)

And what? You thought he  
should be using it to cure

HARRY (CON'T)  
cancer, not making millions.

DOROTHEA

I told you--

HARRY

Too much fame. Yeah, I guess  
that'd turn anybody's head.  
Including yours.

DOROTHEA

No.

HARRY

You said you weren't with him  
for love.

DOROTHEA

I wasn't.

HARRY

What then?

DOROTHEA

I was grateful to him. I owed  
him my life. And he loved me.  
He couldn't always show it, but  
he felt it.

HARRY

He thought Nix was coming back,  
didn't he?

Dorothea is pouring herself another drink. The glass  
slips from her hand. It SHATTERS. Harry goes to help  
her. They stoop together, very close. The sexual  
attraction is almost palpable.

Dorothea cuts herself on a shard of glass.

DOROTHEA

Shit!

They are very close to each other.

HARRY

(reassuring)

It's okay.

DOROTHEA

No it isn't. You can't help  
me.

HARRY

(tenderly)

I'm here, aren't I?

He kisses her. She kisses him back, hard.

HARRY

Nothing's going to happen to  
you.

DOROTHEA

(seductive)

Nothing?

HARRY  
(smiles)  
Nothing you don't want.

They kiss again, passionately.

106 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - LOBBY - NIGHT 106

Valentin breaks into the shadows, as Harry and Dorothea cross the darkened lobby and head upstairs. Then valentin crosses to the phone and dials.

107 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - DOROTHEA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 107

A room of illusions. Walls lined with mirrors, and warm, flattering lighting, bathing the naked forms of Dorothea and Harry as they make love, sitting on the floor.

It is a deeply passionate, but slow, sensual coupling.

108 INT./EXT. SWANN'S MANSION - LOBBY - NIGHT 108

Valentin opens the front door. There's a wind blowing. The palms churn against the night sky...

INTERCUT

Roiling, wind-filled palms with the glistening, urgent bodies of Harry and Dorothea.

109 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - DOROTHEA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 109

Harry cradles Dorothea in post-coital languor.

DOROTHEA  
(whispers)  
I was so afraid.

HARRY  
Don't be. Nix can't hurt you now.

DOROTHEA  
Are you sure?

HARRY  
I'm sure.  
(kisses her)  
He's dead.

DOROTHEA  
I know. I'm the one who shot him.

ON HARRY. He's startled, to say the least.

DOROTHEA  
I was twelve. Nix took me  
hostage, to get Swann to come  
to him.

(realizing)  
And they all came...

DOROTHEA  
Yes.

HARRY  
Quaid and Jennifer--

DOROTHEA  
And Pimm and Swann. Only Nix  
was ready for them--

There's a NOISE downstairs.

DOROTHEA  
(nervous)  
What was that?

HARRY  
It's okay.

Harry slips out of bed.

10 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - STAIRS - LOBBY - NIGHT

110

Harry descends the stairs, buttoning up his trousers  
(which is all he wears). He has his gun.

HARRY  
. Valentin?

Dorothea appears behind him.

DOROTHEA  
Harry? Wait!

Harry's at the bottom of the stairs now. Across the  
hall, in a passageway, an eerie S'LNQUETTE. We can make  
out no detail of clothing or face.

HARRY  
What the hell--?

Suddenly, the shadowy FIGURE comes at Harry. A BLAST of  
ENERGY bursts against Harry's face. As it breaks

against his skin, we see (for three frames or so) a glimpse of Harry's skull.

HARRY  
(in pain)

Aah!

Harry FIRES at the figure. The shadows fold up around the Stranger like an origami puzzle. He's gone.

DOROTHEA  
It's him! It's Nix!

Harry goes out into the passageway.

HARRY  
Valentin! Get some lights on!

As if in reply to the command, a burst of vivid white FIRE erupts behind Harry. He swings round to see the Stranger "unfolding" out of the shadows again, defying physics and physiology to do so. The FIRE is at his feet, like a serpent writhing on the ground. It comes at Harry. Harry FIRES at it, but it comes at him faster still, rising to burn Harry's leg. He retreats, the FIRE racing after him.

He makes for a door, and flings it open. He's in--

111 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - CASKET ROOM - NIGHT

111

The FIRE follows him across the ground and STRIKES his hand. Harry drops the GUN. Looks up to see the Stranger in the doorway, arm raised to will the fire-serpent on. But then, he hesitates. Harry glances round, and sees that the Stranger -- whose face is still a dark smear -- is staring at the CASKET.

HARRY  
Somebody you know?

Dorothea appears behind the Stranger. Sees Harry, burned and sweating, cornered against the casket.

DOROTHEA  
Oh my God!

The Stranger looks round. Harry snatches up the GUN, supporting his burned hand with his good hand. Levels the gun at the Stranger. The FIRE raises its head, like a cobra.

HARRY  
Which goes first? My face or your heart?

The Stranger draws a deep breath. The Fire-Serpent withers and dies.

DOROTHEA

Who in God's name are you?

She reaches for the Stranger, who simply folds up again; gone into darkness. The WIND blows through the house, masking his exit.

DOROTHEA

Are you all right?

HARRY

Find Valentin! Find him! Get him in here!

Dorothea disappears. Harry takes one of the candleholders and jams it under the casket lid. Wood splinters. He starts to force off the lid.

Valentin and Dorothea enter.

VALENTIN

What are you doing? This is sacrilege.

He starts towards Harry. Dorothea goes after him and catches hold of his arm. Her expression is a mingling of fascination and dread, as Harry gets his fingers under the casket lid and pulls.

Inside, Swann's corpse.

VALENTIN

Are you satisfied now?

HARRY

No.

Harry holds Valentin back with one hand, and puts his finger into the corpse's mouth.

DOROTHEA

Harry?

HARRY

It's all right. It's not hurting...

He now has four fingers in Swann's mouth and seizes hold of his lower jaw. It cracks--

--and comes away in a little rain of plaster and latex.

HARRY  
...plaster doesn't bleed.

He tosses the jaw to Valentin.

HARRY  
(to Dorothea)  
It looks like you're not a  
widow after all.

2 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

112

Harry interrogates Valentin in a white fury, while  
Dorothea binds Harry's hand.

HARRY  
You rigged the illusion to  
fail, right?

VALENTIN  
Yes.

~~XXXX~~  
You paid off the doctor. You  
set up the fake body. Yes?

VALENTIN  
Yes.

HARRY  
And then... because I was  
getting too close to something-  
(at Dorothea)  
-or someone, you called Swann--

VALENTIN  
• I tried to pay you off.

HARRY  
Was that Swann's idea?

VALENTIN  
No. It was mine. I didn't  
want any more bloodshed.  
That's why we went to all this  
trouble, so there'd be no one  
for Nix to come after.

HARRY  
Nix is dead and buried, for  
fuck's sake.

VALENTIN

Haven't you seen enough to know  
that doesn't matter?

ON HARRY. He looks as though he's beginning to think  
maybe Nix's resurrection is plausible.

HARRY

I want to see Swann face to  
face.

VALENTIN

Why don't you leave this alone?  
Let everybody think it's over?

DOROTHEA

What about me?

VALENTIN

Nix was never interested in  
you. It was always Swann.

A beat.

[REDACTED]

(to Dorothea)

Maybe Valentin's right. We  
should let it alone.

A BELL starts to TOLL--

HARRY

(con't.)

He went to all that trouble to  
be dead. Maybe we should let  
him stay that way.

The TOLLING carries over into--

113 EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY - DAY

113

WE CRANE DOWN from a high angle on a GRAVE, surrounded  
by MOURNERS. The graveside service has just ended, and  
the Mourners are beginning to disperse. Dorothea is  
there amongst them, of course. So are several faces we  
recognize: Vinovich, Wilder, Billy Who, Swann's Stage  
Manager, his Dancers, his Technicians. There are also  
several members of the PRESS, and thirty or forty other  
Mourners, some of whom, to judge by their dress and  
manner, are also illusionists.

Harry stands some distance from the crowd, watching  
(hidden) from the doorway of a mausoleum. His eyes are



on Dorothea as she goes amongst the Mourners, receiving unheard words of condolence.

114 EXT. WILTERN THEATRE - DAY 114

The standee of Swann is being demolished by two WORKERS. They are taking hammers to it, smashing it to pieces.

115 INT. WILTERN THEATRE - STAGE - DAY 115

The stage is starkly lit with working lights, the auditorium in darkness. Swann's equipment - including the partially dismantled Dragon's head - is heaped on the stage.

Valentin wanders through the boxes to the place where Swann "died." He stares down at the BLOOD on the stage.

116 EXT. WILTERN THEATRE - DAY 116

THE 1st WORKER throws the cut-out head of Swann's standee down into the street.

1ST WORKER

Watch out!

On the HEAD, as it strikes the sidewalk at somebody's feet. We don't see who.

117 EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY - DAY 117

Harry catches sight of somebody close to the gates of the cemetery. Dark glasses, a beard, an anonymous black suit.

Harry smiles slightly, and slips off between the mausoleums.

118 EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY - PARKING LOT - DAY 118

The BLACK-COATED MOURNER gets into his car.

On Harry, as he gets into his.

119 INT. WILTERN THEATRE - STAGE - DAY 119

Valentin hears something in the auditorium. Looks up.

VALENTIN

Who's there?

He reaches into his jacket to draw a GUN.

There's a NOISE. He swings round. Too late. Butterfield has a scalpel at his throat. He kicks

Valentin to the ground.

BUTTERFIELD  
(conversationally)  
I've sometimes thought, if I'd  
had another profession, I would  
have been a surgeon.

On Valentin, staring up in terror.

Valentin's P.O.V. of Butterfield, upside down, above  
him, the scalpel glittering.

BUTTERFIELD  
To be able to heal with one  
little cut.

On Valentin again, as Butterfield's blade touches his  
cheek, just beneath his eye.

VALENTIN  
No...

BUTTERFIELD  
Let's say those eyes of yours  
were giving you trouble.

VALENTIN  
Please.

BUTTERFIELD  
I could scoop them out.

VALENTIN  
Don't.

~~BUTTERFIELD~~  
So tell me where Nix is buried.

VALENTIN  
I don't know.

Butterfield pushes the blade into Valentin's skin.

\* CUT WIDE, as Valentin thrashes, his face obscured by  
Butterfield's body.

VALENTIN  
Wait!

On Valentin again. There is a small cut beneath his  
eye, but that's all.

VALENTIN  
I'll tell you.

BUTTERFIELD  
You'll do more than that.

120 EXT. L.A. STREET - SEMI-DERELICT BUILDING - DAY 120

A bad neighborhood, to judge by the state of the streets. Harry gets out of his car and crosses to a gate, topped with barbed wire. He peers through the bars.

Harry's P.O.V. of the STRANGER from the funeral disappearing into the building. He glances back towards the street. We get a glimpse of a bearded face beneath the brim of his hat.

Harry slides out of sight. Waits until the Stranger has gone inside. Then he's up, over the gate, braving the barbed wire.

121 INT. SEMI-DERELICT BUILDING - DAY 121

It's been a hospital. Now the echoing corridors and wards are deserted, littered with reminders of old suffering. Rotting mattresses; spilled boxes of surgical supplies.

Harry explores this tiled labyrinth, looking for some sign of the Stranger.

He enters a shadowy room. Birds fly up into his face!

As he retreats, another SOUND, a little distance from him. GUN in hand, he heads towards it, and steps into--

122 INT. SEMI-DERELICT BUILDING - OPERATING THEATRE - DAY 122

Narrow shafts of light through the circular viewing window fall on an operating table, and looming pieces of discarded equipment. Eerie. Disturbing.

Harry scans the shadows as he advances into the room.

HARRY  
I knew you wouldn't be able to  
stay away.

Silence. Harry notices the beard and glasses on the operating table.

HARRY  
You had to see who wept for you  
the most.

Silence.

HARRY

A lot of people are going to be really pissed off when they discover you're still alive.

SWANN (V.O.)

They'll never find out.

Harry looks up.

Swann is hovering in the air above him. The veins in his temples bulge and throb. This trick requires a lot of concentration.

HARRY

Look, Ma, no wires.

SWANN

You shouldn't have followed me, D'Amour.

HARRY

How the fuck do you do that?

SWANN

Now I'm going to have to kill you.

HARRY

I don't think so. You need me alive.

SWANN

Why? So you can fuck my wife?

Swann swoops down towards Harry, who levels his gun.

HARRY

Be careful. Funerals make me trigger-happy.

Swann stops, inches from the ground.

HARRY

You know, it's such a fucking waste. You can do shit most of us can only dream about, and you go around pretending it's some trick.

SWANN

Illusionists get Las Vegas contracts, D'Amour. Magicians get burned.

HARRY

Or murdered, like Nix.

SWANN

He deserved it.

HARRY

Maybe he doesn't see it that way. Maybe he's digging his way out of the hole you put him right now. That's what you're hiding away from, isn't it?

SWANN

I did it for Dorothea.

HARRY

Oh yeah?

SWANN

Now that I'm dead, the spotlight's off her.

Harry grabs Swann, literally pulling him down to earth. Now they're face to face. Eye to eye. Swann, for all his posturing, is afraid.

HARRY

So Nix won't come looking for her?

SWANN

It's me betrayed him.

HARRY

And she shot him! I think that'd piss me off if I were Nix.

SWANN

(despairing)

I don't know what else to do.

HARRY

Help me.

On Swann, his face a churning mass of rage and fear.

HARRY

Listen. If he's back from the dead, then he is some kind of... god. And he'll find you, wherever the fuck you are. And if he's just another phony Messiah, then you can stage the greatest come-back in history.

ON Swann. This doesn't sound like such a terrible idea.

123 EXT. NIX'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

123

A car comes to a halt outside the house, where six vehicles are already gathered. The SNAKE-HANDLING Cultist gets out. SNAKES seethe out of the open car door.

124 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - LATE AFTERNOON

124

We MOVE THROUGH the shadowy interior, catching sight of several CULTISTS as we go. They all have looks of barely suppressed ecstasy on their faces.

We are moving towards the Sanctum, and it's getting darker. A MATCH is struck, and an OIL-FLAME sputters into life. We see NORMAN'S gleaming face.

On the wall is a PICTURE of Nix, floating over a scene of apocalyptic destruction.

Norman brushes away thirteen years' accrual of DIPT. Beneath, Nix's expression is as rabid and terrifying as ever. Norman grins.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

125

A small, garishly-lit liquor store. Harry's car pulls into the lot. Swann gets out, his disguise back on. Heads into the store. Harry, agitated and impatient, follows him.

126 INT. LIQUOR STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

126

Swann is at the cashier's desk, with a bottle of cheap brandy.

SWANN

Is this the best brandy you've got?

CASHIER  
If that's what's on the  
shelves.

Swann produces a thousand dollar bill out of thin air.

SWANN  
Can you change a thousand for  
me?

CASHIER  
(amazed)  
You're shittin' me.

HARRY  
Can we go?

Swann starts to COUGH. A QUARTER falls from his mouth.

HARRY  
Oh Jeez.

SWANN  
Will that do? No?

Swann coughs again. Puts his hand to his mouth. A  
DELUGE of QUARTERS runs between his fingers.

SWANN  
That better?

The Cashier gapes.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. SWANN'S MANSION - POOLSIDE - GROUNDS - DUSK 127

The house could not look more reassuringly calm. A SWAN  
struts beside the pool. A long, MUSHED MOMENT...

SHOCK CUT TO:

128 DOROTHEA'S DREAM 128

A BABOON SHRIEKS, its mouth filling the frame.

CUT WIDE, to reveal the Baboon, racing around Nix's  
Sanctum, crazed.

Hanging on the sculpture that swings from the roof is a  
shadowy figure. Is it Nix? We can't quite see. Black  
BLOOD runs from the figure and splashes on the ground.

NOW WE SEE DOROTHEA, being pulled by the Cultists  
towards the falling gouts of dark fluid --

-- she struggles, SOBBING --

CUT TO:

129 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - DOROTHEA'S BEDROOM 129

She tosses around on the bed --

BACK TO:

130 DOROTHEA'S DREAM 130

-- Dorothea has a GUN in her hand. The Cultists shake it from her grip, and pull her directly under the BLOOD -- as it SPLASHES on her upturned face --

131 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - DOROTHEA'S BEDROOM - DUSK 131

A SOUND.

Dorothea wakes, distressed by the dream. She gets up and goes out onto --

132 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - LANDING - DUSK 132

Looks down the stairs.

DOROTHEA

Who's there?

Silence. Then, Valentin speaks behind her. She jumps.

VALENTIN

I'm sorry--

BLOOD runs from his cut face.

DOROTHEA

Jesus. Valentin. What did you do to your face?

BUTTERFIELD (V.O.)

It was me.

She turns. He's on her in a heartbeat, pressing her back against the wall.

BUTTERFIELD

Guess who we're going to see?

133 INT. HARRY'S CAR - DUSK 133

Harry drives. Swann takes a throatful of brandy. Then he stares at Harry.



SWANN

You think I'm an asshole.

HARRY

Didn't know you read minds.

SWANN

(a warning)

I can do a lot of shit,  
D'Amour. But you know that.

(an apology)

So I like playing games with  
people. Gives them something  
to wonder about...

HARRY

Is that all?

SWANN

I distract them from their  
banality for a few minutes.  
It's like a public service. It  
doesn't mean much in the end.  
They're all going to die.

HARRY

And you're not?

Silence for a moment.

SWANN

Oh, I was going to discover the  
secret of the universe. That's  
why I liked Nix. He promised  
me all these explanations.

HARRY

And he didn't have them?

SWANN

He had something. He showed me  
how to bend the rules. A  
little levitation. A few  
fireworks.

HARRY

Is that all?

SWANN

No.

(a beat)

At the end... when we had him  
cornered, he got into my head.  
He showed me what we really  
look like, when the veneer's

SWANN (CON'T)  
gone. Jelly. Shit...

HARRY  
And you believed him?

SWANN  
I saw it with my own fucking  
eyes! See, that's his best  
trick. No illusions. Just the  
truth.  
(he looks at Harry)  
Are you ready for that?

Harry grabs the brandy bottle from Swann.

SWANN  
Hey!

Harry drinks.

SWANN  
Thought not.

134 EXT. SWANN'S MANSION - NIGHT 134

PAN DOWN from the palms to Harry's car, outside the  
front door.

135 INT. SWANN'S MANSION - VARIOUS - NIGHT 135

Harry puts his head in the study, the library, the  
bedroom.

HARRY  
Dorothea?

Now he's on the landing. Swann's below.

SWANN  
She's not here.

Harry spots Valentin's BLOOD on the carpet.

HARRY  
Did she know where Nix was  
buried?

SWANN  
No.

HARRY  
Who else did? Did Valentin?

SWANN

Yes.

HARRY

Jesus!

136 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

136

Butterfield's SEDAN crosses the desert, under a sky full of stars.

137 INT. BUTTERFIELD'S SEDAN - NIGHT

137

Valentin drives. Butterfield and Dorothea are in the back. Dorothea is handcuffed.

He has a bag open at his feet. One by one he takes out a series of extraordinary instruments. Dorothea looks on, confounded.

BUTTERFIELD

Like the look of these? I made them myself, to set him free.

DOROTHEA

Why did you wait so long?

BUTTERFIELD

I didn't have the skill to resurrect him. I had to teach myself. And that took time.

DOROTHEA

And you think he'll be in a fit state to resurrect, after thirteen years?

BUTTERFIELD

If he was just a man like me, then no. But he's not.

DOROTHEA

What is he?

BUTTERFIELD

Maybe he'll show you.

ON DOROTHEA, terror in her eyes.

138 EXT. NIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

138

Now there are a dozen vehicles parked around the house. Through the windows, the flickering of oil-lamp FLAMES.

There is a low, ominous CHANT floating from the house.

It has no words, but it is steadily BUILDING in intensity. We DRIFT towards the front door.

139 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - MEDITATION ROOM - NIGHT 139

Now we move down the passageway to the Meditation Room.

Inside, SEVENTEEN CULTISTS kneel in a circle. They are all CUTTING OFF THEIR HAIR, and throwing it into the FIRE that blazes in the centre of the circle. They hack indiscriminately, with KNIVES, SCISSORS and PAZORS, their eyes wild. BLOOD runs down their faces and necks from nicked ears and scalps.

And still the CHANT BUILDS, and BUILDS...

NORMAN

He will come! He will come!  
He will come!

140 EXT. DESERT - NIX'S GRAVE - NIGHT 140

Wide. A few rocks, and emptiness.

The headlamps of Butterfield's sedan burn in the darkness, illuminating the dig. Valentin is in the grave, digging.

ON Butterfield, as he stands at the edge of the hole, watching the work. Dorothea stands a yard or two behind him.

BUTTERFIELD

Anything?

VALENTIN (V.O.)

Not yet.

Butterfield squats at the edge of the hole and suddenly reaches out for Valentin, hauling him close.

BUTTERFIELD

If you've lied to me to me--

VALENTIN

I swear... this is the place  
Swann told me about. The  
rocks...

On Dorothea, who uses Butterfield's distraction to take a few steps back towards the open car door.

Dorothea's P.O.V. of Butterfield, back to her, interrogating Valentin.

BUTTERFIELD  
Five more minutes. Hear me?  
And you'd better not--

A SOUND behind him. Butterfield wheels round. On the ground beside the open car door, the instruments.

BUTTERFIELD  
What the fuck are you playing  
at?

He goes to pick them up. Dorothea steps from behind the door, with the sharpest in her hand. She slashes at him. Opens a WOUND across his arm.

BUTTERFIELD  
Aah!

He comes at her suddenly, striking the instrument from her hand, and slamming her against the car. He hits her. Once. Twice. Then--

VALENTIN (V.O.)  
Butterfield!

Butterfield goes to the edge of the grave, picks up the flashlight and trains the beam on Valentin.

VALENTIN  
(blinded)  
In the corner...

The beam goes to the corner of the grave.

A mummified HAND is sticking out of one of the walls.

BUTTERFIELD  
(to Valentin)  
. Keep away from it.

Butterfield jumps down into the grave, and goes to the hand. The TRACK is silent, but for Butterfield's shallow breath. He reaches out to touch Nix's fingers...

Closer...

Closer...

He touches the hand - and the wall of sand comes down with a ROAR!

He jumps back, as Nix's corpse, his head still sealed by the mask, rolls into view.

VALENTIN  
Oh Christ! Oh Christ!

BUTTERFIELD  
(reverentially)  
It's him... it's him.

On Dorothea, sliding down the car in despair.

CUT TO:

141 INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

141

The car is static; the engine still running.

HARRY  
They got here before us.

SWANN  
Looks that way.

142 EXT. NIX'S GRAVE - NIGHT

142

Harry gets out of the car and starts towards the open grave.

HARRY'S MOVING P.O.V. OF THE GRAVE

Harry reaches the grave's-edge. It's totally dark. He peers in. On his heel, as the ground CRUMBLES beneath his weight. Harry slides into the grave.

HARRY  
Shit!

He's in darkness now. He gets to his feet, and starts to try and scramble out.

~~XXXXX~~  
Swann? Swann!

Silence.

Suddenly, a hand is laid on his shoulder! Harry swings round. It's Valentin. He has been badly cut up.

VALENTIN  
D'Amour--

HARRY  
Shit...

VALENTIN  
Help me.

He collapses into Harry's arms.

HARRY

Swann!

143 INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

143

Indecision is written all over Swann's face: to help or not to help?

HARRY (V.O.)

Swann!

He decides. Gets out.

144 EXT. NIX'S GRAVE - NIGHT

144

Swann goes to the graveside, terrified.

HARRY

Give me a hand. I got  
Valentin.

Together, Harry and Swann lift Valentin out of the grave  
and lay him in the blaze of the headlamps.

VALENTIN

He's got Dorothea.

SWANN

And Nix?

VALENTIN

Him too.

HARRY

We've got to get you to a  
hospital.

VALENTIN

Don't bother.

HARRY

Shut up. We've lost enough  
lives already.

VALENTIN

I'm sorry, D'Amour...

HARRY

What about?

VALENTIN

... Looks like you're going...  
to lose... one more.

Valentin dies.

HARRY  
(despairing)  
... no...

SWANN  
He's better off this way.

HARRY  
(furious)  
Nobody's better off this way!

SWANN  
You don't get it, do you?  
We're shit, D'Amour.

He puts his foot beneath Valentin's body. It rolls back into Nix's grave.

SWANN  
That's where we're all going.

HARRY  
In my time, and nobody else's.

ON THE EMPTY GRAVE, as we HEAR the SOUND of Harry and Swann getting into the car. The doors SLAM. The CAR LIGHTS retreat. The grave is left to DARKNESS.

145 EXT. NIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

145

The house is silent now.

146 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAYS - NIGHT

146

We TRACK through the house. The CULTISTS, all Seventeen of them, stand in the passageways, looking toward Nix's sanctum.

ON THE SANCTUM DOOR. Butterfield emerges. He is wearing WHITE now.

BUTTERFIELD  
Do you wish him to be amongst  
us?

CULTISTS  
Yes...

BUTTERFIELD  
Will you come to him on your  
knees?



## CULTISTS

Yes...

## BUTTERFIELD

Be ready.

Now we see that the Cultists have BOTTLES in their hands. With looks of ecstatic fervour on their faces, they SMASH the bottles to the ground at their bare feet. Then they pick up MORE BOTTLES, and SMASH them, littering the ground with razor-sharp pieces of GLASS.

ON Butterfield, smiling. He steps back into the Sanctum.

147 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - NIGHT

147

HIGH, WIDE SHOT of the room, as Butterfield approaches the BODY of Nix. It lies on a table, surrounded by bowls of OIL. Bandages, soaked in oil, are laid over its limbs. Beside its head, Butterfield's INSTRUMENTS are laid out.

ON Dorothea, crouched in the corner of the room, terrified as she watches Butterfield remove the multi-part MASK screwed into Nix's face. He works with surgical precision.

**THU**

Listen. You've got everything you want. You don't need me...

A piece of the mask comes away from the cheek. A subtle POWER plucks at dust around the room, disturbing it minutely. We CUT CLOSE to Dorothea's face throughout this sequence (on occasion her eyeball fills the screen) as she sees these signs of disturbance in the ether, growing in magnitude.

## BUTTERFIELD

No, but he will. After what you did to him.

He pulls a piece of the mask from Nix's mouth.

## BUTTERFIELD

He'll want vengeance. Simple as that.

148 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

148

The bottle-breaking has ceased. The Cultists stand, breathless with anticipation.

149 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - NIGHT

149

On Nix's emaciated mouth. The lips TWITCH.

On Dorothea. The DUST moves around her.

And Nix DRAWS BREATH.

On Butterfield, TEARS in his eyes.

BUTTERFIELD

Oh my Lord. He's coming  
home...

150 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

150

The whisper runs through the congregation:

CULTISTS

He's coming home... he's coming  
home...

151 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - NIGHT

151

ON Dorothea, eyes wide.

DOROTHEA

Christ in Heaven.

ON Nix, as his body starts to thirstily soak up the  
oils. His withered flesh starts to REHYDRATE; his veins  
start to THROB.

Butterfield is watching the process in amazement.

Nix's HANDS move up to his face, where the last portion  
of the mask is still screwed over his eyes.

BUTTERFIELD

He's with us...

152 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

152

CULTISTS

He's with us... He's with us...

153 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - NIGHT

153

Unnoticed by Butterfield, who has his eyes on Nix,  
Dorothea gets to her feet and creeps away to the door.  
Very quiet TRACK.

Suddenly, the snake-handling Cultist steps into view.  
snakes coiled around his face and fingers!

DOROTHEA

Oh God!

Butterfield looks up.

BUTTERFIELD

Hold her!

On Nix, as he starts to pull at the mask on his face. It comes away with a moist, WRENCHING SOUND. At last, we see his eyes.

NIX'S P.O.V.

The candle-lights blaze, BLINDING his sensitive eyes.

NIX

(fury to agony)

Aaarrrrgh!

He gets up and flings himself around the room, knocking over all the lights but two. Then he strikes Butterfield to the ground, and slams his foot on Butterfield's neck, knocking him unconscious. It's a terrifying, almost demoniacal display of instant physical superiority. Throughout, he literally ROARS in rage.

154 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

154

The Cultists SCREAM in sympathy, letting out years of repressed frustration. Many of them are dancing on the shards of glass now, crazed.

CUT TO:

155 EXT. DESERT NEAR NIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

155

Harry's car is parked a quarter mile from Nix's house. He is getting out. Swann stays put.

The SOUND of SCREAMING is carried towards them on the wind.

HARRY

(spooked)

Jesus... what the hell's going on in there?

SWANN

At a guess... they just resurrected him.

HARRY

Fuck.

Harry starts towards the house. After a beat, Swann gets out of the car and follows.

156 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - NIGHT

156

On Butterfield, as Nix removes his foot. Butterfield is out for the count.

On Nix, as he stops screaming. His face is grotesquely disfigured by the mask, the flesh stained and corrupted.

The SCREAMING of the Cultists is dying away.

- NIX  
Children...

157 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

157

The Cultists all face the Sanctum door, awaiting instruction.

NIX  
Will you suffer to come unto  
me?

One by one, the Cultists fall to their knees. We never see flesh pierced by broken glass. But we HEAR IT, and see the agony on the Cultist's faces. They start to sob.

Then, Nix appears in the doorway, mostly hidden by shadow.

NIX  
I've come back to share the  
wisdom of the grave. Will you  
hear it?

CULTISTS  
Yes... yes...

NIX  
Follow me then.

He steps out of the doorway. The Cultists let out sobs of adoration. Nix looks at Dorothea.

**FADE**  
Do I know you, child?

He reaches for her. Pulls her close to his body. Dorothea keeps her self-possession; but only just.

NIX  
 Oh yes... I do, don't I? No  
 gun this time, child?  
 (a beat)  
 Where's Swann?

DOROTHEA  
 I don't know where he is.

Nix picks her up, so that her feet are inches off the ground.

NIX  
 He'll come. We've got  
 unfinished business, he and I.

Then he carries her down the passageway to the Meditation Room, walking on the glass, apparently indifferent to the wounds he's receiving.

The Cultists follow.

158 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - MEDITATION ROOM - NIGHT

158

Nix strides into the middle of the room.

NIX  
 (whispered to  
 Dorothea)  
 Something terrible's going to  
 happen. But if you hold on to  
 me, very tight, you may live a  
 little longer.

The Cultists enter the room, knees and hands BLOODY.

NIX  
 (to Cultists)  
 Are you ready for my wisdom?

CULTISTS  
 Tell us... tell us...

159 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - NIGHT

159

Harry pushes open the window, and climbs in. Swann follows. He is frozen by the memory of what happened here.

ON SWANN, as the TRACK fills with eerie ECHOES of that terrible event. Nix's SCREAMS. The GUN-SHOTS. The sound of the SCREWS GRINDING into Nix's flesh.

SWANN  
(in terrified awe)  
This is where we killed him.

HARRY  
(looking at table)  
You didn't try hard enough.

SWANN  
I can't... I can't go any  
further...

Harry nods, and gently detaches his arm from Swann's panicked grip. He crosses to the door.

Suddenly, Butterfield reaches out of the darkness, and catches hold of Harry's leg, throwing him to the ground.

He has one of the INSTRUMENTS in his hand. He STABS at Harry, striking the ground between Harry's legs.

160 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - MEDITATION ROOM

160

NIX  
Here is my wisdom.

He stamps on the ground. CRACKS spread from his foot in all directions.

ON THE CULTISTS, amazed by this manifestation of power.

BARBARA  
Show us, Puritan.

NORMAN  
Yes, show us!

ALL  
Show us! Show us!

With a ROAR, a PIT four or five feet across opens up beneath Nix and Dorothea. Nix HOVERS over it. It's utterly dark; perhaps bottomless.

Dorothea SCREAMS!

161 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - NIGHT

161

Hearing Dorothea's CRY, Harry looks back towards the passageway. Butterfield pulls the instrument out of the ground and stabs at Harry a second time. But Swann catches hold of his arm.

SWANN  
 (to Harry)  
 Whatever he's doing to her,  
stop him!

And Harry's up and away--

162 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT 162

--he dashes over the glass--

163 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - MEDITATION ROOM - NIGHT 163

On Nix, Dorothea clasped close to him. He REVOLVES as he floats over the chasm below them.

NIX  
 (to unseen Cultists)  
 You see, I escaped the grave.  
 So I have to give something to  
 the grave in return.

On the Cultists, listening to their lord with love in their eyes.

A SLIT OPENS in the middle of Nix's forehead, above the bridge of his nose (this is an image we saw in the prints in the library), and from it comes a WAVE OF DARKNESS. As Nix REVOLVES, the darkness STRIKES the GROUND around the Cultists.

At first they don't realize what's going on. They think this is some kind of bizarre blessing.

Then the ground starts to LIQUIFY beneath them.

NORMAN  
 What's happening?

NIX  
 I have to give something back.  
 So I'm giving you.

They're starting to SCREAM now as they sink into the ground. They struggle, of course, but the earth seems to be hungry for them. They are dragged down, THRASHING as they SINK.

(sobbing)  
 Why? Why?

NIX

You're not worthy. None of  
you. Only Swann was worthy.  
You just waited like lambs.

Harry appears in the doorway. Nix, still swinging  
round, has his back to Harry.

ELL

Well I'm not your shepherd.

Harry surveys the horrific scene in front of him. The  
ground is now re-solidifying around the Cultists, some  
of whom have disappeared from view completely, some of  
whom still reach up out of the dirt. The scene has a  
surreal beauty to it despite its horror. SCREAMING  
FACES locked in the solid ground. TWITCHING HANDS the

Harry starts towards Nix and Dorothea, GUN levelled. So  
far, he has avoided Nix's gaze.

164 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - SANCTUM - NIGHT

164

Butterfield and Swann are locked in a life-or-death  
struggle. They tumble back against the table upon which  
Nix was resurrected. It collapses under them, and for a  
moment Swann is stunned. Butterfield snatches up one of  
the instruments and STABS at Swann, who rolls out of the  
way in the nick of time.

The BLADE catches him in the arm, however.

SWANN

Aah!

BUTTERFIELD

Go on, bleed.

(he slashes at Swann  
again)

Go on! Go on!

Butterfield comes after him, and Swann backs off against  
a wall. He SPITS out a serpentine FLAME, which races  
across the floor and leaps at Butterfield's face!

BUTTERFIELD

(screaming)

No!

He falls backwards, his face ON FIRE. Swann doesn't  
wait to watch him die, but races out into the  
passageway, BLOOD running from his wound.



165 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - MEDITATION ROOM - NIGHT

165

Harry is staring up at Dorothea as he very gingerly crosses the still-sticky ground. He's a yard from the edge of the pit now.

Nix swings round.

NIX  
You're not Swann. Who are you?  
(a beat)  
NIX (CON'T.)  
Oh... I know what you want.

He lets Dorothea slip from his arms. Harry flings himself towards the hole and--

--CATCHES HOLD of Dorothea's arm before she falls away into the abyss. His GUN goes spinning across the ground, back towards the door leading to the passageway.

DOROTHEA  
Oh God!

HARRY  
Hang on!

Nix reaches down to torment Harry. But before he can make contact--

SWANN (V.O.)  
Nix!

Nix looks up.

NIX  
There you are.

Suddenly, Nix isn't interested in Harry and Dorothea. He steps onto solid ground, and walks towards Swann, his tone suddenly conversational.

NIX  
I've had a lot of time to think  
about you. Where I went  
wrong...

With Nix's back turned, Harry pulls Dorothea back out of the chasm.

SWANN  
And?

NIX

I should have been honest with you, right from the start. I wasn't born to show people the error of their ways. I was born to murder the world.

ON HARRY, as he leads Dorothea to the door. Harry glances back into the room.

NIX

You could still help me do that.

SWANN

Why would I want to?

NIX

Because you've got nothing else to live for.

SWANN

Not true.

NIX

The woman has a new love in her life. Your friends are dead. Nobody's left to save you, but me--

He lays his hands on Swann. Draws him into an embrace.

ON HARRY and Dorothea.

HARRY

(to Dorothea)  
I've got to help him.

DOROTHEA

You can't.

HARRY

Nix has got to have a weak spot. Everybody's got a fucking weak spot.

A NOISE. He turns, and suddenly --

-- Butterfield is there! His face is horribly burned, but he's still very much alive.

BUTTERFIELD

Bastard!

He launches himself at Harry, driving them both back into the BROKEN GLASS. A FIGHT ensues, carrying them out into the Passageway.

Nix has Swann in a bear-hug.

NIX  
Will you help me? .

A beat. Then Swann nods.

SWANN  
Yes.

Nix lets him go.

NIX  
You know I'll kill you when we're done. I have to.

SWANN  
Yes.

NIX  
But until then... it's you and me... the way it always was.

SWANN  
Yes.

Dorothea, at the doorway, watches this bizarre exchange. Swann's eyes flicker towards her. Nix turns.

NIX  
Wait... you still feel something for that bitch?

~~SWANN~~  
No!

NIX  
Liar!

Nix makes a gesture, and Swann is flung against the wall, pinned there like a fly, legs off the ground.

NIX  
Will! You! Never! Learn!?

With each word, Nix almost casually throws a gesture in Swann's direction, and though there is six feet between them, they have the force of terrible blows. One to the ribs. They CRACK. One to the face. It BLEEDS. One to the legs, one to the arms. They all BREAK. Then Nix turns towards Dorothea.

NIX  
 She's just flesh, Swannnie-boy.  
 I'll show you!

He moves towards Dorothea. Swann falls to the ground, broken.

SWANN  
Harry!

166 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

166

The fight between Butterfield and Harry continues.

SWANN (V.O.)  
 Harry! Stop him!

Harry looks up. Sees Dorothea retreating from the door, and running off into the darkness.

Butterfield comes at Harry again. Harry's got no more time for this creep. He delivers Butterfield a backhand swipe, and Butterfield lands face down in the glass. We don't see the impact. HEARING it's enough.

Harry looks down at the body. Then --

NIX (V.O.)  
Where is she?

Harry turns.

Nix is on him like a juggernaut, treading on Butterfield's body as he comes at Harry!

NIX  
 Where did she go?

Nix GRABS hold of Harry's head with one hand and PRESSES the fingers of the other hand against Harry's TEMPLES. He struggles to get free, but Nix is simply too powerful.

Nix's fingers slowly SLIDE BENEATH the skin of Harry's temples. As before, there's no blood.

**III**  
 You've got Swann's disease.  
 You think a little courage, a  
 little love, and it'll all be  
 all right. Wrong!

His fingers slide all the way in!

HARRY

Oh God!

Harry wrests himself free of Nix, and stumbles away.  
His eyes are BLOOD-RED. Nix is a few yards behind him.

NIX

Tell me where she is... and  
I'll make it go away...

Harry is reeling around in the grip of a nightmare.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

The apocalyptic images on the walls seem to move! A  
face SCREAMS! FIRE blossoms!

ON HARRY, verging on insanity.

HARRY

Oh God... oh God...

HARRY'S P.O.V.

Harry sees --

-- a WOMAN, wrapped in the sickly-sensual embrace of  
some glistening, barely visible OBSCENITY. We can't see  
her face. Only her mouth is visible in the coils of her  
devourer.

ON HARRY

as he approaches the wall, on which this woman is  
painted. Reaching out for the image.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

The Woman reaches for Harry.

WOMAN

Help me.

ON HARRY

as he touches the wall.

HARRY

Dorothea!

He starts to SCRATCH out the plaster on which the image  
is painted.

HARRY

Dorothea! Dorothea!

HARRY'S P.O.V.

Darkness swallows the image of the woman. She is still screaming when she disappears.

167 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - MEDITATION ROOM - NIGHT 167

ON SWANN, dragging his broken-body to the door.

168 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT 168

ON HARRY

literally beating his head against the wall!

~~HARRY~~  
No! No! No!

DOROTHEA (V.O.)

Harry...

Harry stops. Dare he believe this is truly her voice?

~~DOROTHEA~~  
It's not real, Harry--

Harry turns around. Dorothea is there.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

For a moment, he sees Dorothea as she is.

ON HARRY, relief flooding his face. Then --

HARRY'S P.O.V. (con't)

-- the image MORPHS. Dorothea's beauty is replaced by primeval buck.

ON HARRY, appalled. Dorothea grabs hold of him.

DOROTHEA

Harry. Listen to me.  
Whatever's good between us,  
believe it.

Harry's face is deathly white, and pouring SWEAT. He's fighting the delirium. Or doing his best.

HARRY

... oh... God...

DOROTHEA

I'm here, Harry.

HARRY  
...yes?

DOROTHEA  
Yes.

Nix steps from the shadows of the doorway behind Harry.

NIX  
(to Dorothea)  
There you are, child.

Harry starts to look round.

DOROTHEA  
Don't look.

HARRY  
I... have... to.

NIX  
Come on, child. I want Swann  
to see you die.

Harry turns and looks at Nix.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

Nix's face darkens as it MORPHS. And the flesh in the middle of his brow UNFOLDS, revealing a dark, pulsating THIRD EYE.

NIX  
(to Harry)  
What are you looking at?

ON DOROTHEA, who has gone to the door of the Meditation Room and now slips inside.

ON HARRY, staring up at Nix.

ON DOROTHEA, re-emerging from the Meditation Room. In her hand, Harry's GUN. Harry looks round at her.

HARRY  
(points to his brow)  
There... there!

ON NIX, as he looks up at Dorothea.

ON DOROTHEA, as she raises the GUN. She FIRES.

The bullet STRIKES Nix's FOREHEAD. He sinks to his knees, BLOOD pouring down his face from the hole where his third EYE used to be.

ON HARRY, as Nix's mind-hold falters. He leans against the wall, shaking.

DOROTHEA

Harry?

HARRY

I'm okay. I'm okay.

Harry opens his eyes. Looks up at her.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

The last of the MORPHING fades. He sees Dorothea as she actually is. Dorothea goes down to comfort him, and they embrace.

-

Suddenly, a ROAR from Nix. They look towards him --

-- it isn't over.

One last, terrifying transformation is overtaking Nix as he kneels in the GLASS. His sallow flesh is running in STREAMS up his body towards the DARK HOLE in the middle of his forehead --

NIX

One... last... illusion...

-- his humanity is disappearing, vanishing into the vortex of the bullet wound.

DOROTHEA

Oh my God.

Harry and Dorothea start to get up...

Nix is no longer human. He is a shape of gleaming DARKNESS, stripped of features. He opens his mouth, the only visible element on his body is his toothed maw, which looses an utterly inhuman SHRIEK!

SWANN (V.O.)

... D'Amour...

Harry glances through the door into the Meditation Room. Swann is on the threshold.

Nix RISES now. He is a terrifying spectacle, his bulk somehow more intimidating than ever in this simplified form.

He comes at Dorothea, who has no choice but to back away into the Meditation Room.



169 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - MEDITATION ROOM - NIGHT

169

The pit still yawns in the middle of the floor.  
Dorothea is backed towards it by Nix.

When Nix SPEAKS, his voice is not remotely human. It is  
DEMONIACAL.

NIX  
I am the purest of the pure. I  
am the darkest of the dark...

Harry is at the door now, starting towards Nix.

SWANN  
Harry. You can't kill him.

Harry crouches beside Swann.

HARRY  
(whispers)  
He did something with the  
ground.

SWANN  
Yes?

HARRY  
Can you do it?

SWANN  
I don't know.

HARRY  
Try.

ON DOROTHEA. She's a couple of yards from the pit now.

NIX (V.O.)  
I'm beyond Heaven. I'm beyond  
Hell.

Suddenly, Harry lunges at Nix, grabbing hold of his  
legs. Nix topples.

ON SWANN, who puts his hands on the ground. Closes his  
eyes.

A wave of LIQUIFICATION runs through the ground from  
Swann's broken fingers --

-- the Cultists' bodies MOVE in the softening ground,  
like corpses in surf, and ROLL towards the pit, their  
dead faces resurfacing --

-- Barbara's body floats past Nix, and disappears over the edge of the pit.

HARRY  
(to Dorothea)  
Get out of here!

The ground is very liquid now, and the corpses are lodging around Nix as they're all carried towards the pit. So's Harry, of course.

Nix tries to get up, but he's too late. The corpses weigh him down, the ground is too fluid for him to get a proper hold, and Harry still clings to his legs.

NIX  
No! No! No!

He's at the edge of the pit.

DOROTHEA (V.O.)  
Harry!

Harry looks round. Dorothea's behind him, risking the flowing ground to offer him a hand.

Nix starts to fall into the pit. At the last minute, he reaches for Harry, as--

-- Harry is pulled out of reach by Dorothea.

Together they stumble to THE DOOR, where Swann still lies. They look back to see

NIX, as he goes over the edge of the pit and FALLS.  
SCREAMING.

At the door, Dorothea lifts up Swann's head. He's dead. She closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

170 INT. THE PIT

170

What we are about to witness is the longest fall-to-his-death by any villain in the history of cinema...

Nix is falling through rock. Still SCREAMING. He CRASHES against a layer of stone, which his body smashes to smithereens. And as he falls --

171 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

171

DOROTHEA  
Is it finished?

HARRY

I think so.

172 INT. THE PIT

172

No it's not. Nix keeps falling, breaking through another layer of rock as he descends deeper and deeper into the earth.

And now... there's a hint of FIERY LIGHT below. He's approaching MAGMA.

173 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

173

DOROTHEA

Come on...

She puts her arms around him. Kisses him, sobbing with relief.

174 INT. THE PIT

174

Nix hits a layer of molten rock, and, SCREAMING, he disappears. A BURST of dark, roiling ENERGY erupts from the spot where he sank, and starts up the pit --

175 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - MEDITATION ROOM - NIGHT

175

The room TREMBLES. There's a ROAR in the earth.

176 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

176

HARRY

What the fuck?

DOROTHEA

Harry--?

HARRY

. Out! Out!

They race for the front door --

177 INT. THE PIT

177

-- the wave of ENERGY, like a howling, dark WIND, ascends at a breath-taking rate --

178 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

178

Harry and Dorothea race for the open air, as --

179 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - MEDITATION ROOM - NIGHT

179

The ENERGY ERUPTS from the pit.

- 180 EXT. NIX'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 180  
Harry and Dorothea stumble out, into the night --
- 181 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - NIGHT 181  
The ENERGY howls from room to room, ERODING the images off the walls, BLOWING out the doors, DESTROYING all the resurrection equipment in the Sanctum --
- 182 EXT. NIX'S HOUSE - DESERT - DAWN 182  
Harry and Dorothea stumble to the car. They look back at the house, as the cacophony of destruction dies down.  
ON THE RIM OF THE SUN, as it peeps over the desert horizon.
- 183 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - DAWN 183  
The SUNLIGHT creeps through the rooms as the DUST settles.
- 184 INT. NIX'S HOUSE - MEDITATION ROOM - DAWN 184  
The hole in the floor CLOSES UP, and is SEALED...  
SILENCE reigns.
- 185 EXT. NIX'S HOUSE - DESERT - DAWN 185  
Harry and Dorothea get into the car. Harry glances back at the house. Nothing.  
HARRY  
(quietly)  
It's finished.
- 186 EXT. NIX'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - IDOLS - DAWN 186  
ON THE IDOLS and the FRONT DOOR, virtually destroyed by time.  
WE DRIFT THROUGH THEM, INTERCUTTING WITH:
- 187 EXT. HARRY'S CAR - DESERT ROAD - DAWN 187  
Harry's car speeds away, leaving a plume of dust as  
THE CREDITS ROLL